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THE WRITING ON THE WALL spells "dole" in the opinion of most of the recent spokesmen for labor. William Green, president of the A. F. of L., issues a warning of dole or jobs for the unemployed; Senator Borah declares that the rich must, voluntarily or not, feed the unemployed: "If the public dole system is established by this country it will be forced by those who, having the means, refuse to do their part in feeding the hungry." Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi declares himself opposed to a dole but points out the necessity of strenuous federal relief for the coming winter. In the midst of this melancholy chorus two voices stand out. One is the dulcet tones of our esteemed Secretary of Labor, Mr. Doak, who predicts that "before long" the United States will once more stand "upon the substantial plane of prosperity," due to the "strivings of men of thought and action." The other is the clear, practical, unromantic voice of Senator Wagner of New York. The Senator, too, indulges in prophecy and makes certain demands of the federal government: a public works program to give jobs to 1,000,000, to be financed by a bond issue of $2,000,000,000, and to be commenced immediately; legislation immediately for the erection of a nation-wide system of employment offices, reduction of the working week, unemployment insurance, legislation to keep children out of industry, and modification of the Volstead Act. We much prefer the wise hard-headedness of Senator Wagner to either the calamity-crying of Mr. Green or the fake optimism of Secretary Doak. If Mr. Hoover could bring himself to forget partisan politics and listen to a Democratic Senator from New York, he would place his feet at once upon firmer ground.

WITH PROFOUNDEST REGRET *The Nation* records the voluntary, or involuntary, abandonment of the proposed customs union by Germany and Austria just prior to the unfavorable decision of the International Court at The Hague. That decision we shall discuss at length next week. The court may be right, or it may not; the two countries may have been wise in bowing to the inevitable or not. But it is undeniable that it was the French loan to Austria which made them yield, and that that loan, according to all the dispatches, was coupled with the political condition that the customs union should be abandoned. This we consider a monstrous thing, utterly unworthy of the French people, entirely inimical to the restoration of economic sanity and of international amity in Europe. Who can maintain from now on that Germany and Austria are independent or sovereign countries? We venture to say that instead of decreasing the desire for a final political union between Germany and Austria, this will increase it. It is, moreover, another unanswerable argument for the revision of the post-war peace treaties at the earliest possible moment. France may persist in her position that they shall not be revised, but if the present economic chaos in Europe goes on much longer those treaties are likely to be abrogated by revolutionary forces before which even France will tremble. Why is it that so rich and powerful a nation as France is today so cowardly that it trembles at the thought of Austria and Germany uniting by themselves in precisely such a customs union as Aristide Briand has been asking for all of Europe?

THAT THIS DECISION is a serious blow to the World Court there is no gainsaying. That is not only because the decision was reached by an eight to seven vote but, what is more important, because it was plainly a political decision with the representative of France voting against the proposed customs union together with the French satellites, Poland and Rumania, supported by Spain, Italy, Colombia, Cuba, and Salvador. On the other side were the judges representing the United States (Frank B. Kellogg), Great Britain, Japan, China, Holland, and Belgium. We cannot imagine a more effective argument against the entrance of the United States into the Court than this most unfortunate decision and we venture to prophesy that it will be exploited to the full when, if ever, the Hoover World Court proposal comes to be debated in the Senate. What is more, this decision leaked out fully ten days before it was officially announced, and was cabled to the United States a week beforehand. The decision of Germany and Austria "voluntarily" to abandon the customs union was arrived at with full knowledge that the cards were irretrievably stacked against them.

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IT WOULD BE BUT TARDY JUSTICE, indeed, if Mexico should be asked to enter the League of Nations as has been proposed by five permanent members of the League and the Spanish Republic. An *amende honorable* is surely needed, and unfortunately for the United States it must bear the burden of the blame for the deliberate refusal to invite Mexico to join the League when it was formed. The responsibility for this rests upon two holy men, Lord Robert, now Viscount Cecil, and Woodrow Wilson, both of whom opposed the invitation to Mexico because neither the United States nor Great Britain had recognized the Huerta Government which then ruled Mexico. As the New York *Times* dispatch reports, the omission "has also been attributed to personal animosity between Woodrow Wilson and President De la Huerta and to the oil question." All of which reflects admirably the spirit of arrogance and self-righteousness which actuated the heads of the Allied Governments at the time of the peace making. It was for them to decide the fate of the world—why should not personal animosity have its way? Viscount Cecil, reminded of his having opposed the admission of Mexico, replied: "Did I? I had forgotten. Well, it is best forgotten." Yes, indeed, but one might also express contrition, and ask forgiveness, especially if one is, like Viscount Cecil, a pillar of the Church. This is to be done by the Council of the League and the proponents of this act of justice who now declare correctly that the omission of Mexico "was wholly contrary to the spirit of the League."

PRESIDENT HOOVER has done an admirable thing in ordering the Department of Justice to investigate the use of brutal "third degree" police methods in the city of Washington which has already resulted in the indictment of five policemen. This is in response to the allegations in the Wickersham report which also made similar charges in regard to the police forces of New York, Chicago, and other large cities. For years past *The Nation* and its editor have been calling the attention of the New York City Bar Association to cases of torture and physical violence in police stations which have repeatedly sent prisoners, whether innocent or guilty, from the police stations of the metropolis to the hospitals. The facts are so incontestable that judges on the bench have repeatedly denounced the actions of the police. Several years ago in response to an article reviewing the facts, published by the Editor of *The Nation* in *Harper's Magazine*, a committee was appointed by Charles E. Hughes, then head of the Bar Association, to disprove those charges, or to take some action. But the great Bar Association of the greatest American city is unable to act beyond the gesture of wringing its hands and bewailing the spread of lawlessness in America. To our minds there are only three possible explanations: Either the Bar Association comprises a set of moral cowards, or it is being pulled off by political influences, or it at heart approves of this police lawlessness.

HERE IS, FOR EXAMPLE, the case of four Brooklyn gangsters who were beaten and tortured into confessing murder. Their attorney went before Justice May and obtained from him an order for the examination of the prisoners by a doctor appointed by the court and for the photographing of their injuries. The attorney informed the court that the men "are black and blue from head to foot. There are few white spaces on their bodies. The police used blackjacks and other blunt instruments. The alleged confessions were wrung from the men, but these confessions were only signed so that the police beatings would cease." We do not for one moment doubt the correctness of this statement, for this sort of thing goes on every hour of the day in some police station, as the Wickersham report proves. It seems utterly incredible that this can be taking place in a country that calls itself civilized, that boasts of its bar associations and the high standing of its lawyers. It could probably be stopped by the simple expedient of passing a law making any confession invalid that was not made in the presence of the prisoner's attorney. Such a law could be obtained in shortest order if a very few men like John W. Davis, Charles E. Hughes, Samuel Untermeyer, Elihu Root, and Henry L. Stimson, would demand it in concert. But the torturing of human beings stirs their hearts neither to mutiny nor rage, nor do the constant miscarriages of justice and "framing" of men who sign confessions to avoid suffering worse than death. Yet doubtless if anybody should tell them that every day uniformed men subjected dogs and cats to such horrible tortures contrary to all law and decency, they would cry out to high heaven in protest.

"WE ARE NOT AT WAR and we are by no means threatened with war. There is no need for a big navy, and there is no need for a big army"—thus Representative Will R. Wood, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, on leaving the White House after a conference with the President on September 1. These are most refreshing words and they may be extremely significant because of the steadily mounting deficit, and because Mr. Wood's word has been law with the Committee during the several years he has been Chairman, provided, of course, that the new House is organized by the Republicans, and reappoints him to that position. It is a sound and sane sentiment he voices. For a century of our national existence our regular army never went above 25,000 men, our militia was negligible, and so was our fleet except in war times. To maintain now, when the whole world is bankrupt, when nobody knows whether or not the capitalist system will survive in Europe five years from now, when there is not a single fleet in the world that ranks with our own, save that of the mother country, to go on spending three-quarters of a billion dollars annually for wars past and future is the height of absurdity.

FAIRMAN R. DICK, chairman of the Railroad Security-Holders' Committee, is the latest to declare that government ownership for the railroads is definitely in sight unless railroad earnings are at once improved. He even declared, according to the dispatches, that the flight of capital from American railroads is more severe today than the flight of capital from Germany during its most crucial period. He pointed out that the decline from the 1930 high mark in the average price of refunding mortgages of the leading railroads now amounts to twenty-eight points, or eleven points more than when the hearings on the application of the railroads for a 15 per cent increase in freight rates began early this summer. He went so far as to say that the present railroad credit situation is much worse than it was in 1920 when the Government came to the rescue by an increase in

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freight revenues, the creation of a revolving fund, and other legislative measures. No one can deny that the situation is extremely serious, or that the Interstate Commerce Commission is between the devil and the deep sea. An increase in freight rates, the shippers and public think, will decrease business and retard the economic recovery of the country. Railroad heads privately declare that if they do not get at least a 5-per-cent increase some large receiverships will be inevitable, further adding to the depression and further injuring the security markets. They do not, of course, maintain that this 5-per-cent increase will give them what they need; they merely say that it will increase public confidence in the railroads through its psychological effect and will help to keep up the credit of the roads.

ATTORNEY GENERAL BENNETT of New York has sent a questionnaire, asking information on twenty-one points, to about 300 management investment trusts doing business in that State. This move to check up on any possible weak spots or unsound or fraudulent practices is a salutary one, but the information will lose at least half of its possible usefulness if it is not used as a basis for stricter legislation controlling the activities of the trusts. They have already been permitted an almost uncontrolled growth on an amazing scale, and the scandalous practices of some of them have resulted in the ruin of thousands of small investors who imagined that they were putting their money into an unusually stable form of investment. As the investment trust should, next to the savings bank, be peculiarly the refuge of perplexed investors who are looking for stability, expert management, and diversification in their investments, it must eventually be put under much the same type of State regulation and supervision as savings banks and insurance companies. The sooner the States have adopted legislation dealing with such matters as periodic publicity for investment-trust portfolios, uniform accounting practices, compensation for management, and limitation of purchases of the securities of individual corporations, the more future trouble they will save themselves.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT has urged upon the New York Legislature a statute outlawing the private possession of machine guns. With that proposal everyone, we think, will agree, and also with further suggestions made by the Commissioner of Police of New York City for the strengthening of the law in regard to the private use of pistols. But the Governor is himself in doubt as to the wisdom of the further demand of the New York police for a speedy trial of a gangster before a city magistrate, a summary jail sentence to the work-house or probation for a term of at least two years, merely on suspicion or knowledge that the man is or has been a gangster and without his being convicted of any specific act. In other words, the police wish the extension of the present much abused vagrancy acts, which permit the police to railroad to jail anybody they pick up and do not like, provided he happens to be without means. The Governor thinks that such statutes should be tried for the period of one year if at all. We are of the opinion that they should not be tried at all. The New York police in forwarding this request to the Governor openly confessed their inability to keep up with gangster crime. The chief trouble is that all our American police forces are brutal, unscientific, wrongly managed, and rotten with politics. The only real way the police have of getting so-called evidence is by beating up their prisoners. It is ridiculous to assume that more legislation will increase their efficiency.

HERR HITLER is beginning to show signs of delusions of grandeur. To a meeting of one thousand of his lieutenants he announced: "I feel myself the representative, responsible guide and leader of the last hope of innumerable millions of Germans. Come what may, here I stand and stay and nobody can force me from my place." Again, he declared that "it is not our policy that is responsible for the present misery, but it is our nation which must suffer, and therefore I am ready to shoulder the people's suffering through responsibility." This vain-glorious talk gives the measure of the man, as does the fact that he again wholly failed to define his new policy, to suggest new remedies for German ills, or new roads to German economic recovery, save to declare as always that Germany "must cut loose from all foreign entanglements since it cannot be saved by outside help." Germany's defeat on the customs union, which he declared he had prophesied, he correctly described as "catastrophic," and it will be a great talking card in the Hamburg electoral campaign just beginning, the result of which must be looked forward to with great apprehension. It is a curious fact that the more France persists in her ruthless anti-German course the more she encourages and strengthens these Hitler forces which are pledged to denounce the peace treaty and to cease all payments to France and the Allies the minute they take office. Sometimes one wonders whether France is not deliberately planning for anarchy in Germany.

THE DOVE OF PEACE has descended on Italy, and temporarily at least a reconciliation has been affected between the Fascist Government and the Vatican over the much mooted question of the Catholic Action, or young people's organizations. The church has agreed that these associations are to be formed and conducted for religious and "supernatural" ends only. "Catholic Action will take no part whatever in politics, and in all the exterior forms of its organization it will abstain from all those things which by tradition properly belong to political parties. The flag of the local associations of Catholic Action will be the national flag." So runs the communiqué issued by the Government. The church has gone a step farther and has agreed that the clubs must refrain from any athletic and sporting activity, "limiting themselves purely to recreational and educational activities with religious ends." It would seem that the agreement gives Mussolini the edge over his priestly adversaries. The state is declared supreme in all practical matters, and any yearning the church may have to engage ever so slightly in activities of a political or particularly anti-Fascist nature is severely repressed. This leaves God's Vicar on earth in a slightly anamolous position over the question of primary allegiance. It will be difficult in the future, as it has been in the past, to divide to the satisfaction of everyone, including Italy's megalomaniac prime minister, Caesar's possessions from God's. In a month, it is predicted, a further agreement will be announced settling once and for all the vexed question of the education of youth, and incidentally making it clear who has come off final victor in the controversy.

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Cut Reparations Now!

IT is hardly an exaggeration to say that the economic fate of the world today lies chiefly in the hands of one man, and that man is President Hoover. No matter where one looks in the economic crisis that now grips the whole civilized world, one must turn back to Washington and to the White House. Only from there can come the initiating steps that could give the best hope of restoring confidence and of setting the world back on the path of economic recovery. If Mr. Hoover takes the wrong action, if he takes no action at all, or if he delays taking action, the nations must plunge ahead to economic catastrophe.

The chief focal point of economic infection today is Germany. We have just had an ominous illustration of how intimately related is the economic fate of great nations in the promptness with which the financial crisis in London followed that in Berlin. The illusion of our own national self-containment, under which our political policy has been conducted in the years since the World War, has helped to bring the world to its present crisis. The world—including the United States—cannot prosper if the external purchasing power of a great nation like Germany is wiped out. It cannot prosper without assurance of Germany's economic and political stability. It cannot prosper, in brief, as long as the present crushing burden of Germany's reparations exists. Virtually every disinterested authority admits that the present scale of reparations payments is far in excess of anything that Germany will be able to pay continuously. The reparations payments have been grossly excessive from the beginning, but until the recent crisis revealed the true state of affairs, the statesmen of France and the United States were able to live in a fool's paradise, or at least to keep the great bulk of those who supported their policy in a fool's paradise. At last it is recognized that since 1924 Germany has been able to make its payments, not out of its own resources, but only out of money borrowed from abroad. It required a panic to bring this process of borrowing from Peter to pay Paul finally to an end.

There is no way out of the present world crisis unless the annual reparations payments that Germany is called upon to make are drastically slashed—*and that major operation must take place within the next few months.* In however guarded the language, this was the conclusion of the Wiggin Committee, representing the bankers of ten nations, a conclusion subscribed to, it must not be forgotten, by the French and Belgian representatives. The committee pointed out that "until the situation in Germany improves there can be no general recovery"; that neither the Hoover moratorium nor the recent agreement to "freeze" German short-term banking debts for six months was likely to prove of the slightest value "unless all the governments concerned . . . lose no time in taking the necessary measures for insuring Germany's solvency." Outside confidence, it went on, can never exist as long as Germany's obligations, "both public and private, are such as to involve . . . a continuous increase in snowball fashion of the foreign debt of Germany." "We think it essential," the committee concluded, "that before the period of prolongation of credits recommended by the London conference comes to an end" the world's governments reduce the payments demanded of Germany to a level where they will no longer be such as to "imperil the maintenance of her financial stability."

The National City Bank in its September letter has pointed out that when the Hoover moratorium was first proposed its purpose was said to be "to give time to permit debtor governments to recover their financial prosperity." "It would appear miraculous, however," the bank comments, "for such recovery to take place within a year. The uncertainty that exists is casting a blight over business everywhere."

Following the publication of this statement, the New York *Times's* Washington correspondent declared that President Hoover would "not be prone to favor scaling down wartime debts owed the United States, at least before corresponding reductions are made in German reparations." If this correctly reflects the President's attitude, it means that he is not prepared to do anything until the initiative has come from France, and that even if Germany's reparations are scaled down, he promises nothing. The *Herald Tribune's* report is even more emphatic; it declares that the Administration "has no desire or intention to suggest any important step with regard to war debts and reparations in advance of the disarmament conference now scheduled for February 2 at Geneva."

Such a delay would be nothing short of disastrous. The President must act, and he must act now. It is no longer possible to argue that the German reparations are the exclusive concern of Germany and the Allies. It is no longer consistent even for Mr. Hoover, after his own general debt moratorium, to contend that there is no connection between war debts and reparations. It can no longer be possible for anyone seriously to believe, after Mr. Hoover's struggle to have France accept even the general moratorium, that the French could be moved to accept a reduction in German reparations without some corresponding reduction in their debts to America and Great Britain. A policy at this time of timidity, hesitation, "watchful waiting," a fatuous Micawberish optimism that persists in believing that by some miracle things will right themselves without audacious and immediate action, can only bring calamity. When Mr. Hoover boldly announced his moratorium plan, he received virtually the unanimous support of the American press, and of the leaders of both political parties. He will find a similar support if he acts with courage and decision now. Only leadership, not a baseless hopefulness, will do. Mr. Hoover's action could take several forms. He could come forward, as he did in June, with a clear and definite proposal of his own. If a complete wiping out of war debts and reparations seemed to him politically impossible, he could propose that both debts and reparations be immediately reduced by 50 per cent. Or he could propose a conference of heads of governments, or the appointment of an international committee of experts instructed to turn in at least provisional recommendations within a period of not more than one or two months. But whatever is done, it must be done without further delay.

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The Y. M. C. A. Moves Forward

WE have already offered proof of the zeal among the churches and religious bodies for peace and a new order of society. Nothing that we have recorded so far has given us greater encouragement than the decisions arrived at by the series of international conferences lately held by the Young Men's Christian Associations. There were two assemblies at Toronto at the end of July, followed at Cleveland by the forty-third International Convention of the Associations of the United States and Canada, and by the Twentieth Conference of the World's Alliance of Y. M. C. A.'s. To the latter there were no less than 1,028 delegates from forty-seven countries, many of them being aided in coming by a fund of $22,000 subscribed by 30,000 boys in the United States and Canada. The discussions were remarkably free and frank, covering a wide range of subjects such as family and sex life, interracial and international relations, disarmament, industrial and economic problems—in brief, there was the completest recognition of the fact that it is impossible longer to divorce the activities of any religious or semi-religious body from the challenging issues of our rapidly changing social and political systems. The world is moving; the church cannot stand still and hope long to survive.

That the Y. M. C. A., in the past usually ultra-conservative and unwilling even to discuss "dangerous" issues, is becoming liberalized appears clearly from the resolutions passed concerning race relations, especially if one recalls its Jim Crow policy in the United States. The conference recommended by formal vote that in calling national gatherings "in any country care should be taken to see that all delegates may be received *without discrimination as to accommodation and privileges.*" It urged local associations to provide platforms for differing races throughout the world, and to bring together everywhere the "choicest spirits of differing racial groups for conference and acquaintance." Even more encouraging is the fact that it declared these to be merely "next steps"; that, while it recognized possible limitations at present "on the distance any local association may go in serving racial groups together," it urged these next steps in order that the "ultimate goal of the institution may speedily be reached, namely, the enlistment and full participation of all classes of young men and boys in the community without distinction of race, culture, or nationality." No feeling that this action has been too long delayed can prevent our calling attention with gratitude to the fact that this powerful Christian association has nailed its flag to the mast, that it now stands for absolute social and communal equality, without which surely no religious association has the right to carry on in the name of Christ.

Equally gratifying were the resolutions on industrial questions which are radical enough to make many of the rich and reactionary donors to the Association angry and afraid. The conference calls for the acceptance, as the only basis of industrial relations, "of the principle of cooperation in service for the common good in place of unrestricted competition for private advantage." It placed squarely upon industry the welfare of the worker and his family outside his wage "and particularly for his contentment and his widened outlook upon life through some just and equitable participation, beyond his wages, in the fruits of his work." It also demanded the modifying of the industrial order in such a way as to prevent in future the recurrence of such a period of destitution and unemployment as now confronts the entire world. It called upon all locals to offer their services for the settlement of any dispute between employer and employee. The convention affirmed the right of all men to work and to a living minimum wage. It asked the five-day week, declared for the right and social necessity of working men as well as employers to organize, and demanded universal insurance "socially administered at cost against invalidism, disabilities from illness, and occupational injuries, want in old age, and enforced unemployment."

In international questions there was also admirable plain speaking by both conventions. The North American branded war as "destructive of all essential Christian values," and demanded of the Governments in Washington and Ottawa that the selection and instruction of delegates to the Geneva Disarmament Conference be such that the "whole weight of the two countries shall be thrown upon the side of thorough-going disarmament." In the World Conference 986 delegates voted "to dissociate themselves from the injustice of attributing to one nation or group of nations alone sole responsibility for the [World] War." They, too, demanded "actual and considerable reduction and limitation of armaments" by the Geneva Conference. These are encouraging actions. They again make it clear that it is not people but governments which block the road to international amity and peace.

A Celebrated Novelist

BERNARD SHAW, reviewing "The Manxman" many years ago, and reading on the theater program: "By Hall Caine, the celebrated novelist," characteristically began his review: "Who is Hall Caine, and why is he celebrated?" The review went on to say that obviously the inhabitants of the Isle of Man, where the story was laid, spoke a dialect of their own; for example, they never said "forever"; they said, "Come weal or woe; come life or death." It was evident that Mr. Shaw at that time and perhaps thereafter did not take Hall Caine seriously as a writer, nor did any other critics of reputation. But the public did. And when he died on August 31 at the age of seventy-eight, it was as a man of wealth derived from the sale of many hundreds of thousands of his novels, not to mention the receipts from motion pictures made from their obvious and long-drawn-out plots.

If the public took Hall Caine to its bosom as a writer of parts, he thought of himself in no less eminent a light. At fourteen he was apprenticed to an architect, but even then he longed to be a writer, and he broke into journalism as soon as he possibly could. By the time he was twenty he was a dramatic critic; a few years later he was writing editorials for the Liverpool *Mercury;* and before he was thirty he had published a volume of sonnets and "Recollections of Rossetti," the latter written after he had been the poet's sec-

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retary for two years. It was characteristic of Hall Caine that after Rossetti's death he wrote always in the great man's armchair, as it was that he let his hair and beard grow to flowing lengths, and attired himself in a broad-brimmed hat, black cloak, and wide belt, so that his striking figure attracted attention wherever he went. He thought always of his writing, composing a chapter before he arose in the morning, "mentally revising" it before breakfast, and then writing it rapidly from memory, "as fast as the pen will flow. The rest of the morning I spend in lounging about, thinking, thinking, thinking of my book." If the results of these arduous labors were less striking than the critics would have wished, the mass of readers had no complaint. The drama of the novelist's dress and mode of procedure was the same drama that appeared in the novels. It was obvious, it was unsubtle, it was superficial. But it was indeniably arresting, it was lavish of detail; it commanded attention by its very length and breadth, if not by its depth.

The plots of the novels were usually taken from the Bible. The prodigal son, Jacob and Esau, David and Uriah, Samson and Delilah, found themselves translated into nineteenth century terms and rendered suitable for a decorous Victorian audience. And the themes that Hall Caine stressed were old themes, religion played a large part in them, the complications were numerous and lengthy, the pathos was not slighted or passed over for romantically happy endings. There was no high tragedy, but the thousands of readers never missed it, so engrossed were they in having a good, elevating, tender-hearted cry over the misfortunes of these heroes and heroines involved in difficulties never quite of their own making. It is not unlikely that one day—may it be a long way off—we shall be writing the same sort of obituary notice about Harold Bell Wright, in many ways the Hall Caine of the United States. He, too, counts his readers by the thousands, even millions; he, too, is rich with the profits of literature; he, too, is scorned by the critics and politely ignored by the intelligentsia. But he answers a need that is genuine and widespread in his particular civilization.

Hall Caine answered a need that was as genuine in his. It was a need for romance tinged with melancholy. He was more successful than the scores of other writers who tried to provide it as he was more hardworking, more careful and generous with detail, more willing to fill in the last tender conversation, the last unhappy situation. "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" took some 400 pages to permit the unfortunate heroine to die a languishing death in the arms of the lover she was not permitted to marry. There was certainly little reality in the 400 pages; but there was plenty of romance, there was virtue beset, there was love fulfilled, there was sin punished, there were the long shadows of the implacable church demanding retribution, though with ever so gentle a breath. Readers devoured, wept, and begged for more, as they always will. And Hall Caine was able to give it to them. When the movies came, it was inevitable that they should seize upon these plots with avidity and present them with their own kind of distinction. The royalties came rolling in. The simple, kindly man in his Manx castle had worked for his fame and had achieved it. There will be few to begrudge it him, for one way of measuring greatness is by sheer numbers of devotées, and of numbers Hall Caine had a generous plenty.

The DO-X

THE great Dornier flying boat which finally arrived in New York on August 27, after being nearly ten months on the way from Germany by way of South America because of various delays, is not a new departure in aviation comparable, for example, to the development of the autogiro. It is simply an enormous airplane which once flew with 160 persons on board, and in one of its flights over New York easily carried 89 people. There is no new principle herein. Herr Dornier has merely undertaken to show that airplanes can be built of such a size as to make them commercially profitable. Contrary to general belief the DO-X is not equipped for night flying, and is not able to cross the Atlantic directly. Its flying radius is limited at present to 750 miles, its maximum speed is 128 miles an hour, and its cruising speed 103 miles. As it flies through the air only its size differentiates its appearance from that of the usual airplane. It has not as yet made any new contribution to our knowledge of the technique of trans-Atlantic flying and is no safer from the dangers of fog and of the formation of ice than any other airplane.

How great then is the gain? That has been set forth by Lieutenant C. H. Schildhauer of the United States Navy, who has been connected with the DO-X for more than a year, and has acted as one of its co-pilots. He points out that a small flying boat must carry the same amount of safety and navigation equipment and radio apparatus as a larger ship. In the DO-X the safety equipment, therefore, makes up only a very small portion of its weight. The DO-X is actually licensed by the German Government for a gross weight of 106,000 pounds. Fully equipped with cabins, radio, engines, kitchen, two toilets, and a bar, the ship weighs 71,000 pounds. This leaves available a margin of 35,000 pounds to be divided among fuel, oil, crew, and passengers. Lieutenant Schildhauer has figured out that, operating the DO-X 1,200 hours a year, the operating cost, with full allowance for overhaul, maintenance, wages, depreciation, and insurance, comes to $439.75 an hour. Allowing 13,200 pounds for fuel, on the basis of a 500-mile run, and 1,700 pounds for the weight of the crew, there remain 20,100 pounds for pay load, or about 100 passengers. The cost per passenger-mile works out at $.04275. In addition, there must be added, of course, executive, administrative, traffic, terminal, and other overhead expenses. None the less, the Dorniers and Lieutenant Schildhauer are certain there will be an opportunity for a handsome profit.

Herr Dornier has, of course, been much criticized for jumping at once to so great a ship. The answer is that the day the DO-X arrived in New York a sister ship was being delivered to the Italian Government, which is notably progressive so far as aviation is concerned. The pioneer who makes a radical departure is, of course, bound to be criticized. Already the engineers have learned many ways of improving the vessel and saving weight. They have, moreover, the utmost faith in the safety of the ship, which handles so easily that any experienced air pilot can fly her after a short experience. The officers are even certain that she is a great deal safer than the elevators in the latest New York skyscrapers, which occasioned them awe and some anxiety!

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Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

"*HIS Majesty has never felt so well in all his life.*"

The bright young genius who was responsible for this marvelous line will forever remain unknown. More is the pity. In another thousand years he would have been the Patron Saint of the Advertising Guild.

His Majesty had never felt so well in all his life, and with good reason. His Majesty had merely fed half a million men to the wolves. His Majesty had merely lost an empire. His Majesty had constructed a little island in the middle of the Beresina River, composed entirely of corpses wearing little bits of His Majesty's glorious colors. Now His Majesty was on his way back to His Majesty's capital. The frozen remnants of His Majesty's defunct armies could shift for themselves or die. His Majesty had never felt so well in all his life, and that was all that mattered.

His Honor has never felt so well in all his life.

His Honor, graciously parading before the eager press correspondents of half a dozen continental cities, is happy to make this confession. And why not? It is true that the city which the Voice of God, speaking through the mouth of the Sovereign People, had entrusted to the care of His Honor is suffering from certain minor ailments which are slightly out of keeping with her well-rounded boast of being the richest center of the world. What peasant greed has not plundered lies debauched by the lecherous touch of the dwarf-minded gunman. Her courts are an object of scorn and contempt. Her laws are the play-thing of shysters. Her waters are polluted by the filth of a whole country-side and her children are murdered and maimed whenever the thieves fall out among themselves.

But what of it?

His Honor has never felt so well before in all his life. The beer is marvelous. The music is grand. The company is first-rate.

So, why worry?

This world is a battle-field between the Fatuous and Facts.

The Fatuous in their fatuity will never learn this tragic lesson. They will continue to mistake their cheap and shoddy way of thinking for wisdom. They will proclaim themselves safe behind a bulwark of clever quips when the enemy is already in full possession of the outworks.

Yea, they will posture and play the pantaloon when Fate has long since ruled them out. All of which would make them pathetic if at the same time they were not quite so dangerous.

For many honest citizens do not know the difference between a roar and a bray. And they fail to observe the ass's tail dangling from behind the moth-eaten lion's skin, hired for the purposes of the evening's entertainment from the theatrical storehouse.

The result is apt to be disastrous, as two thousand years of written history would teach us if history could ever teach us anything at all.

But Waterloo comes and Waterloo goes and in less than a hundred years it survives as a picture postcard—or a cigarette case with a portrait of Blücher and the Little Corporal.

"His Majesty never felt so well before in all his life."

"His Honor never felt so well before in all his life."

And the dear brethren in Moscow rub their hands. Some one else is working for them. Some one else is always working for them.

And we sit by and applaud and shout "Hurray!"

For the Fatuous will inherit the earth.

But only for a short while.

And we remain behind to pay the bills.

This is a time when even the most indifferent of spectators is tempted to leave his comfortable seat in the grandstand and join in the game.

He may not wish to take part, but he can hardly help himself.

Then the mob shouts, "Hey, Mister, which side are you on?" and expects a definite answer.

That is no more than fair and here is the answer on the part of the author of this humble page.

Cal Coolidge, when asked what the minister had said about sin, answered:

"He was agin it."

To those who kindly write to inquire whether or not I cast a longing glance in the direction of Moscow, I answer as definitely and unequivocally as I can:

"I am agin them."

At the same time, I see them advancing all along the line. I watch them pitting their harsh intelligence against our befuddled sentimentality and I am forced to stand by while amiable but vapid ladies and gentlemen offer to defeat these desperate poker players with peanuts and Confederate money.

But worse and more dangerous than these well-meaning but futile saviors of Western civilization are those who consciously and willingly encourage and promote those economic and social conditions which are the ideal breeding ground for the pestiferous Moscovite bacilli.

The Mayor of New York, by his desertion of the city at the moment when the city had reached her lowest pitch of civic decency, rendered a signal service to the little playmates of the late (and sincerely lamented) George Bernard Shaw. For this God may forgive him. That is God's business.

But I have my doubts about posterity.

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The Bathtub Comes to Russia

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, August 13

AMIDST the pounding of hammers and the noise of construction in Russia, the still small voice of culture calls persistently. I have just returned from a visit to Dnieperstroi and to the new tractor plant at Kharkov. It is interesting to view the largest dam in the world which, with the factories and workers' homes surrounding it, costs the Soviet government almost half a billion dollars. The sight of an enterprise with an annual production capacity of 50,000 tractors is impressive. But against the titanic background of the Five-Year Plan, the welfare of the individual, the personal and the human, plays a huge role.

Alexander Winter, an old intellectual Bolshevik, is the director of the Dnieper Dam project. I dined with him one evening in the engineers' club. The cook came in to supervise the last arrangements. His apron was horribly dirty and torn, enough to destroy anyone's appetite. Winter frowned. "You are a disgrace," he said to the cook. "It is the proletarian way," the cook replied. "No," Winter declared, "it is the swinish way." Some Russians attempt to make "proletarian" cover a multitude of sins against culture and cleanliness, but the Communists struggle against such a tendency.

When Alexander Winter came to the spot where now stands the 192-foot high concrete dam, the place was a rolling sandy steppe, uninhabited, worthless. Absolutely nothing had changed since Catherine the Great sat on the tiny island just below the dam and entertained her foreign ambassadors. The broad Dnieper swirled swiftly over innumerable rocks in the bed of the stream. Men fished with nets from the granite boulders that jut out of the water, peasants plowed lazily on the banks with their crude equipment, and the inertia of centuries ruled the scene.

Winter's first interest was to construct homes for the workers and engineers. A little town has now grown up at the dam, consisting of fine one-story brick cottages supplied with electricity, bath tubs, running water, and other modern facilities. This was to have been expected. But Winter also concerned himself with the aesthetic side of life at Dnieperstroi. Under his inspiration, gardens were laid out around the houses, and rows of trees planted along the streets, so that the suburb now looks more like a park than a typical Russian settlement. It is particularly conspicuous because the Ukrainian steppe is completely bare of trees, and because Russians never built this way before. Such cultural achievements must be viewed against the Czarist and not the Western background. Russian workers formerly inhabited hovels with little light or comfort. They still have to be taught to take proper care of their new bungalows. They must learn to appreciate a blade of grass at their front doors and flowers on their window-sills.

Culture in Russia still means personal cleanliness. What Russian factory-hand had a bathtub in his house before the revolution? Now all newly constructed dwellings are equipped for bathing. Culture in the Soviet Union still means a correct diet. When a Russian says vegetables, he thinks of cabbage, onions, and potatoes. He will not eat "grass." The Communists must occupy themselves with this problem, too, for the tasks of Bolshevism include the workingman's daily menu as well as the destruction of private capital, the care of newborn babies as well as agricultural collectivization, poets' activities as well as the building of foundries. It is natural, therefore, that the management of Dnieperstroi has solicitously aided the development of a five-hundred-hectare State Farm on an island in the Dnieper, which already grows tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce, green peppers, squash, and grapes for Dnieperstroi, and nursery trees for transplanting near the dam.

I viewed the farm, in company with a prominent Bolshevik. Electric plows are used for deep furrows. Greenhouses have been installed where the ground will be heated with electricity, so that vegetables may be supplied all the year round. The Russian laborer never dreamt before of such attention to his needs. Now he expects and demands it. In fourteen years his standards have changed beyond recognition.

We stopped in the rice field. The young plants stood in six inches of water. My Bolshevik companion thereupon told of experiments in the northern Caucasus where the rice-plots were periodically flooded and then drained, so that the harvesters would not have to wade in water and slush. He said this quite incidentally, yet this human side is fundamental to Russia's economic development.

I discovered that Svistun, the director of the new Kharkov Tractor Factory, though he is burdened with a most trying task of construction and management, also pays a great deal of enthusiastic attention to "details" of culture. Born a peasant, Svistun was an ordinary worker before the 1917 revolution. Now he directs the building of a $65,000,000 plant whose various shops cover thirty acres of floorspace. He will manage it when, after completion in October of this year, it will employ, at capacity production, eleven thousand men and turn out a $1,000 tractor every six minutes. The orders he placed with American firms for complicated machines kept many an Ohio factory busy for many a month. Yet to look at him one might have imagined he earned $6 a week as shipper's assistant in a retail store. He wore a plain grey Russian blouse, a pair of patched trousers from which the nap had long disappeared, and a pair of old shoes very much down at the heels.

"We make tractors," Svistun said to me, "but I also want to make new men." This has required a struggle. Once, when Svistun addressed a workers' meeting and urged those present always to have clean hands and finger-nails, some smiled and others sneered. But they are beginning to accept the suggestion. Svistun insists that all benches, machines, and shops be immaculately cleaned at the end of the working shift. Each handle must be turned the same way; each chair and tool has its place. On one occasion, Svistun criticized a machinist for leaving some particles of scrap-metal on his machine. "Do you expect me to lick the machine with my tongue?" the worker retorted with irrita-

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tion. Svistun said nothing. Another employee, however, heard the conversation and reported it to his fellows, who convened a factory meeting and decided that the machinist be dismissed.

Receptacles have been placed at intervals throughout the new tractor plant for refuse, and in the clubrooms for cigarette ends. Spittoons are available in every corner. At first, the workers used them rarely. Svistun discovered several flagrant violators, made examples of them, visited their homes to see how they lived and talked informally with them. Now public opinion commences to be with him. "When a man grows up in dirt," Svistun declares, "he becomes accustomed to it and thinks it's all right. But I cannot work when the floor of my office is filthy and I believe that a disordered shop hurts production."

Before the plant turns out a single tractor, Svistun promises, the entire tremendous area and all the ground between the buildings will be made spick and span. Every bit of construction debris must be removed. "That will have a psychological effect on the workers," says Svistun. Flower-beds are to be planted in the open spaces surrounding the various buildings, and a wall of trees is to be planted around the whole works. The Agricultural Equipment Factory near Rostov-on-Don is similarly decorated and presents a refreshing sight.

For four unbroken hours I walked through the tractor factory. In one of the shops a sign on the bulletin board caught my eye. It gave the name of a workers' club and a date, and then it read: "PUBLIC TRIAL of Citizen Shuvalov for infecting a woman worker of the Kharkov Tractor Plant with venereal disease." The trial is unofficial. But it will be conducted in the usual court fashion, and the workers of the factory may sentence Citizen Shuvalov to dismissal from the plant, or give him a social reprimand. At any rate, the trial itself and the advertisement it gives to his behavior and condition are sufficient punishment. But if the branded citizen behaves arrogantly, or if it develops that he was conscious of the wrong he was doing, the factory-workers' collective may turn him over to the authorities; for in the Soviet Union such crimes are punishable by law. Trials of this nature are one of the numerous forms of cultural education.

A new campaign for personal hygiene and cleanliness is sweeping the Soviet Union, and new plants like the Kharkov Tractor Factory spend much-needed money on facilities that conduce to sanitary conditions. As a worker enters his shop, he passes a wardrobe room where he deposits his overcoat, cap and galoshes, and receives a brass check. Near his bench is a locker. Here hang his blue trousers and jacket which he exchanges for his street-clothes. All this may sound very ordinary. But for backward Russia it is a revolution. Its cultural implications can scarcely be exaggerated. Russia grew up in dirt and almost came to like it. Now the habit is slowly being broken.

Very slowly. Homes for four thousand families have been erected within a stone's throw of the tractor factory, just outside the city of Kharkov. They were no sooner partially completed than the people began to occupy them. Some apartments still have no water, yet they are inhabited; for they are an improvement on the wooden barracks in which many laborers have been domiciled for months.

I visited these new houses with Svistun. They are three, four, and six-story structures, clean, with much window and corridor space. Svistun, of course, did not know the people who occupied the hundreds of apartments, and it was not necessary. He merely knocked at doors and asked to be admitted to inspect the premises. "A foreign correspondent," Svistun said politely as the door opened, and we were readily admitted. Russians are excessively hospitable, and only skilled diplomacy enabled us to escape from each apartment without listening to lengthy autobiographies and drinking tea from a sizzling samovar.

I was especially interested to see how the working-class families lived. Quite a number of them had received two and three-room flats, each with private kitchen and private bath. Rent was so low, that in several cases the housewife did not know what the amount was. Her husband paid it. (Six to eight per cent of salary is the usual Soviet rent.) I entered about twenty apartments. In each case I asked: "Did you ever own as good a home or a better one?" They looked at me strangely, smiled, and invariably answered in the negative.

In making the rounds, I came upon an American woman whose husband had been a skilled mechanic in Detroit and was now working at Soviet invitation in the tractor plant. Both were ex-Russians. With a daughter of ten, they occupied a two-room apartment plus kitchen and bath. It was immaculate. It might have been situated in any modern house in New York or Philadelphia or Berlin. The decorations were tasteful. Order reigned in every nook. A few minutes later we were welcomed into the dwelling of a Czech worker. It was an exact copy of the American-Russian apartment, but not so clean. It represented a step downward.

Next we came to an apartment similar to the other two, but Russian. Here one noticed a sharp difference. The bathtub was being used to soak laundry. Cans, boxes, and a refuse container stood in the bathroom. A number of heavy, cotton-padded overcoats, many dresses and trousers, hung on nails on the walls. The kitchen range was dirty. A baby cried in the crib. On one wall, arranged like the spray of a fountain, hung scores of postcards, family photographs, colored landscapes, and portraits of Soviet leaders. Flies everywhere. This was still another and a big step downward. Obviously, it is not enough to give excellent apartments to people who are not accustomed to living well. A gradual process of education is necessary, together with a lot of propaganda. The Russians are certainly getting the propaganda. All Bolshevik leaders continually stress the cultural backwardness of the nation and the need of bending every effort towards its elimination.

Stalin, in a recent speech to cooperators which has not been and may not be published because of its acerbity, sharply criticized the managers of cooperative stores and factories for their failure to deal with the "petty" problems of cleanliness and order. Dirt and ugliness were so much a part of proletarian life before the revolution that sanitation came to be sneered at by the worker as "bourgeois." This psychology persists, and acts as a barrier to hygienic conditions in homes, plants, and especially in restaurants. It is very fortunate, therefore, that Stalin, whose recent addresses have made him by far the most popular figure in Russia, should have occupied himself with these "minor" questions. Stalin aims his fire against those who declare that because

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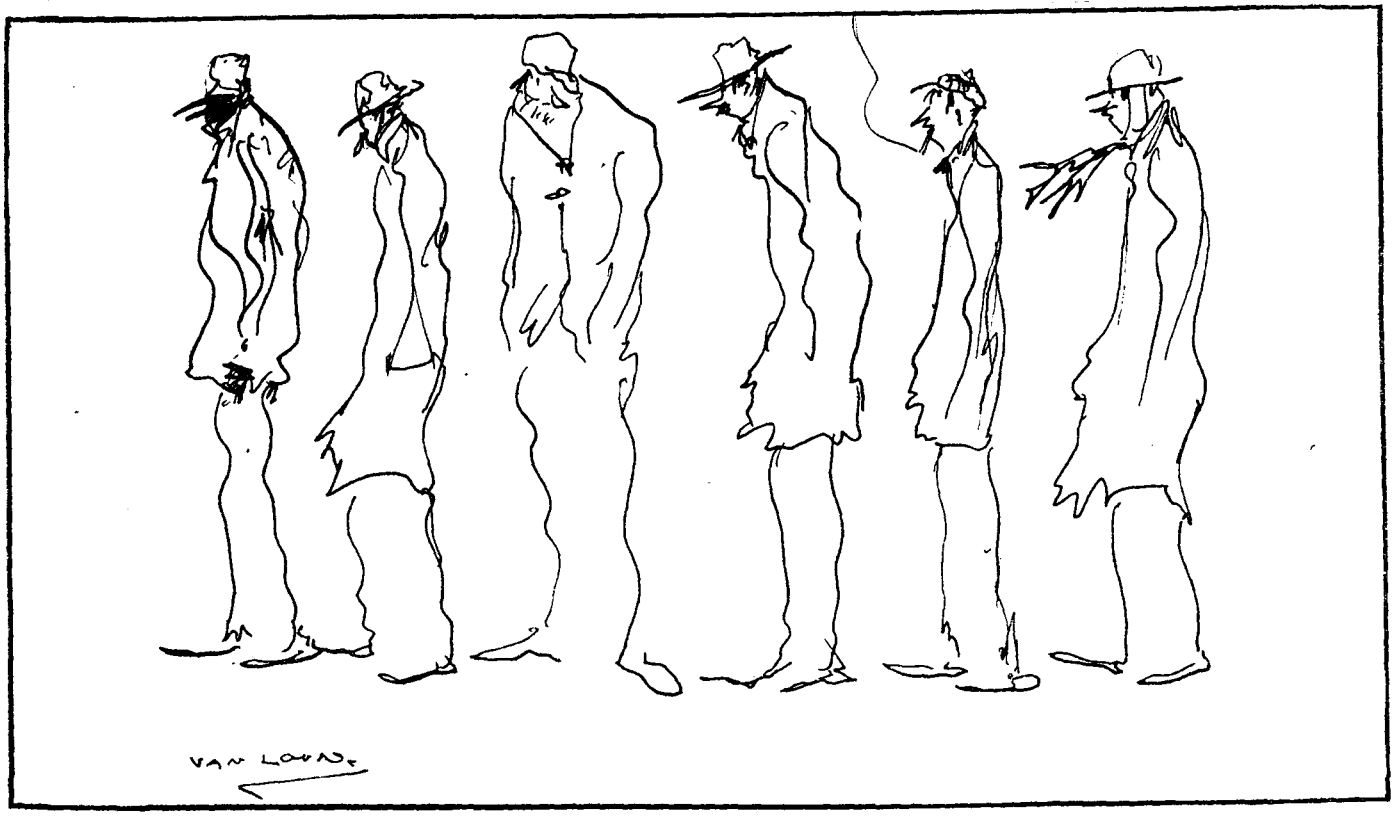
conditions are better now than in pre-revolution days, there is no cause for complaint. "Only rotten and thoroughly tainted persons," he stated with customary bluntness, "can comfort themselves by comparison with the past." *Pravda,* too, launches an attack against Bolsheviks who justify their neglect of hygiene by affirming that it "was worse before."

Now that Stalin has evidenced his interest in this phase of Soviet life, an improvement may soon be expected. I notice already that many cooperative shops in Moscow have taken on a brighter aspect. Communist "light cavalry" detachments have been organized throughout the country, and these days the press reports their "raids" on food cellars, workers' homes, factory kitchens and warehouses. "Objective conditions," the press insists, cannot explain away filth. Nothing is necessary but water and a will to be clean.

Dirt and mismanagement of cooperatives, the Soviets are beginning to discover, may hurt business and upset all their social schemes. The Dniesperstroi communal kitchen, for instance, is probably one of the best-equipped in the world. The most modern electric cooking and baking apparatus was imported from London at high expense, and a plan was drafted whereby all the thousands of workers' families would be relieved from maintaining their own kitchens and dining rooms. But the Dnieperstroi proletariat stays at home. A young laborer no sooner has a fine room in one of the new collective houses than he takes unto himself a wife who starts preparing his meals on their private range or primus. The reasons are plain: the Dnieperstroi kitchen, like hundreds of others throughout the country, is filled with flies and filth; the food is tastelessly prepared; the management is bureaucratic and takes little interest in quality (it serves black bread, for example, when white loaves could be prepared at least several days a week); while the dining room is barrack-like, crowded, and noisy.

These things should change quickly after Stalin's magic word on the subject. Surprising changes have recently occurred in more complicated situations, after he took a hand. The obstacles, in this case, are not objective. An attractive menu and a pleasant restaurant are possible even with the limited means available. It is only difficult to understand why other men, closer to the individual scene and less preoccupied than Stalin, should not have seen these things for themselves—and acted independently.

During Bernard Shaw's recent nine-day tour of the Soviet Union, he remarked that the Five-Year Plan for Economic Construction ought to be followed by a Five-Year Plan of Aesthetics. Both, of course, go hand in hand; the second is already here and would be impossible but for industrial progress. People who live in the skies may regret the grip which the machine has taken on Soviet imagination and Soviet life; yet without it, and without industrialization, the cultural advance that has been registered in recent years would have been precluded. Bathhouses and crèches in villages, universal compulsory education in elementary schools, the rapid elimination of adult illiteracy, the cleanliness of young children—before they grow "independent"—and the consequent reduction of infant mortality, modern living conveniences for the poorest of the population, and even this present campaign towards better sanitation would have been impossible, but for the potential of prosperity and actual material improvement introduced by the Bolshevik regime. The road, however, is still long.



"Anyway, our characters are not being ruined by the dole!"

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If Germany Had Free Trade*

By KARL BRANDT

Berlin, August 7

GERMAN economic life received an entirely new aspect after the war. Its characteristic traits, successfully developed during a period lasting a full hundred years until the war, have mostly disappeared. The new type of post-war economy, which can be paralleled in many other countries, is distinguished by the fact that more more and more private and governmental restraints have been worked into the original structure of free trade and marketing, so that the basic principle and theory of building up the nation's economic life as a free enterprise, oriented in the direction of privately controlled industry, can now only be recognized as a once rudimentary characteristic. The German economic policy of today is protectionist in and out and presents a 100 per cent opposite of free trade in its commercial politics. And at the same time, every natural, organic rhythm, which could influence supply, demand, and prices, is made impossible through planned intervention in the natural processes of trade.

If one compares the German economy with that of other countries, the restraints which the state has put upon the managers of business in relation to labor appears at first sight as an unquestionable advance in the development of the capitalistic system. Instead of a brutal fight for power and a primitive license to those who are economically weaker, both responsible parties, capital and labor, have been forced by the state to come to agreements which seek to protect the socially weaker party to the struggle, who may be temporarily dropped out of the industrial system, from impoverishment and ruin. If one, however, studies the functioning of the economic relationship of labor and capital thus socially restricted, the newest phase of its development must give rise to grave fears.

The working men took part in the war and at its close presented their bill for services rendered in the form of demands for wage rates to be guaranteed by the state. The working men asked, and received in every larger enterprise, the right to influence the development of the relations between the capitalist and the employees. The capitalist responded by fixing the agreed minimum wage schedule suggested by the laborers as the maximum limit for wages and salaries. Thus one of the most important elements of cost, namely the price of labor, became inflexible. At the same time regular payments in proportion to a worker's ability and efficiency were thereby made impossible for a large number of workers, especially the unskilled ones. However, the rigidity of the system was, for the skilled laborer, somewhat lessened by additional payments for ability and rewards for exceptional work. The standards of purely economic valuation of a worker's service were replaced, in the case of officials and office-workers, by social standards, namely length of service and age. The schedule of wages having thus been stabilized, any variations of wages, either up or down, must now be determined by each industry as a whole, in accordance with economic conditions, because the normal variations of business cycles have been suspended by this fixation of the cost of labor. These conditions offer an additional inducement to capitalists to stabilize as well the price of their products. Trade groups, trusts, and price agreements reached through the agency of the government, are increasing rapidly. Gradually all prices for raw materials, and finally also for numerous finished products, will be determined by agreement. That which is being done for large enterprises by the trade associations, is being accomplished for the small operators in crafts and trades by the compulsory formation of guilds and their price agreements.

This fixing of production costs and their determination for a given period of time results in overthrowing the principle of a small profit per unit and large sales, and sets up, instead, the reverse principle, namely that of large profits per unit and small sales. Finally, in order really to fix and stabilize prices, we have turned to the old method of the protective tariff, toward which at the same time the vision of a strong self-contained economy—which spread like a disease all through Europe after the war—pointed the way.

But the tariffs and the fixed cartel-prices for the most important industrial products have naturally placed agriculture in a trying position. Governmental fixing of prices for industrial raw materials is logically followed by agricultural tariffs. Here we have the same conditions as in industry, namely tariffs to stabilize the raw material, i. e., the prices for grain. Thus simultaneously a stage of political economy is reached in which the separation of the home market from the world market is categorically demanded, the main purpose being the avoidance of all competition whatsoever with foreign countries. It is desired to create a monopoly in the home market and a schedule of prices which no longer bears any relation to foreign schedules. This utopian goal can, however, only be reached occasionally and with certain goods. Nevertheless, the method is successful in changing materially the relation of prices within an economic system thus fenced in by protective tariffs to the prices prevailing in the open world market. For instance, pig-iron in Germany is much higher in price than bar-iron in the world market, fertilizers cost two and one-half times as much, grain twice to three times as much, sugar three times, but eggs and milk only about just as much as in the neighboring states. These artificially created price-factors lead the whole economic life into entirely new, and, as will be shown, unsound and uneconomic policies. Also here, as in all other countries, the individual protective tariffs are claimed to be justified by the fact that important conditions in each industry or agriculture are represented as far more unfavorable at home than in foreign countries, and that fair and free competition is therefore impossible.

At the same time the state assumes entirely new functions. The state forces itself into the economic life in the role of a capitalist. Not only that, it organizes public utilities at its own risk, and it also takes its place as magnate in the production of raw materials and in finished production.

* The third of a series of articles on free trade. The fourth, on France and Free Trade, by Robert Dell, of Paris, will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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This new and active participation by the German state in the economic field causes one very extraordinary psychological result, that the state no longer concerns itself directly with the welfare of the working people in each industry, but charges itself with the welfare of the undertakings as such. The state dispenses its measures for relief and help wherever industrial or agricultural failures, losses or breakdowns occur, not for the benefit of the people directly affected thereby, but in order to keep the various businesses above water by granting them financial assistance.

This development of this politico-economic principle of government aid has had especially consequential results in the field of agriculture. Here, in order to insure prosperity for the agriculturists, the protective tariffs have been supplemented by all sorts of additional governmental regulations, such as those which prescribe certain compulsory usages of commodities; milling quotas; an import corn monopoly; and governmental warehousing, as well as denaturing, and sales of food stuffs at low prices for stock-feeding purposes. While in a free and unregulated economy, the creation of financial profits remains the task of the individual producer, the illusion now arises that the state can successfully solve the problem of prices and profits. The state's desire for profitable financial returns for the individual agrarian enterprise is replaced by the thought of "financial returns for agriculture as a unit." In this the fact is overlooked that among millions of individual enterprises there will always be some which, under given circumstances, are very successful, many others which are barely successful and finally still others which are failures. A governmental guarantee for the financial return in an entire branch of industry is based on the assumption that all the managers in it possess all the qualifications which justify a claim for success and profit.

The German government's policy of support for the land-owners of the East, who still politically and socially dominate the Reich, is given further impulse by the close connection between debtor and creditor. Moreover, the state, as a result of the period of inflation, has become the creditor of large enterprises which were losing money, either directly in its role as collector of taxes, or as grantor of distress credits, and indirectly through the credit transactions, on the basis of both real and personal property, entered into by its own banking institutions. In this way the state is heavily interested in the artificial revival of these bankrupt enterprises and in the thawing out of frozen credits. The same condition prevails in industry. The more the state becomes involved in it, the stronger becomes its objection to an about-face in economic policy. Our state, as capital creditor, is moreover endeavoring to stabilize the falling agrarian real estate values in East Prussia, and to ameliorate the necessary write-offs for losses, or to distribute them over a period of time.

Even before the war the German policy of a protective tariff for grain increased the growing of grain to an unhealthy degree at the cost of feed and the production of milk, butter, cheese, eggs, poultry, vegetables, and fruits. The consumption of these latter rose, however, so greatly in Germany, that the products of the free trade neighboring countries had to be imported in constantly growing volume. As a result this extensive business with its rapid turnover of capital was made more and more difficult for German growers, and at the same time the expansion of the growing of grain, much less liquid in turnover, was stressed. Today a potential buying power of about two billions of marks is transferred annually to the growers of neighboring countries, while the high grain prices have not even resulted in a profitable return to the large grain growers. The effect of this system is that German bread is 100 per cent to 110 per cent more expensive, and at the same time considerably inferior in quality, than bread in the free trade neighboring countries.

This one-sided protective duty for grain in favor of the large agricultural enterprises which are predominantly unprofitable anyhow, serves also to keep artificially high the values of the farm lands used for growing grain for bread in Germany. On the other hand, the throttling of the importation of cheap feed-grains greatly increases the cost of raw materials of these German farmers, numbering about five millions, who predominantly cultivate animal products and the lesser vegetable crops. The cost of production in agriculture stagnates, and the peasant farmers, hitherto financially in sound condition, have gradually drifted into a depressed state, similar to that which prevails among the 18,000 gentlemen farmers, in favor of whom the protective duty for grain was established. Within a single year, aided by exorbitantly high duties on grain, an increase of 70 per cent in the planting of summer wheat was induced. Indeed, the entire wheat production has been increased to such an extent that, in addition to the high rates of duty, measures for the support of the wheat market are already being planned by the government, as in the United States. Naturally, the same purpose rules here as in the case of industry, namely to avoid the inevitable consequences of this overproduction policy, namely falling prices, which are, however, the logical cure for overproduction. Our government's policy in the rye market has been marked by a similarly absurd course. The final result was a terrific loss, without producing economic advantages. Instead, the result of the operation was that support for numerous other products was immediately demanded, and an equally disastrous operation was carried out with the potato crop.

In view of the fact, however, that Germany imports from foreign countries annually about one billion marks' worth of butter, cheese, eggs, and vegetables, in other words products of the small farmer, and that, furthermore, the duty on grain discourages the home production of these articles in favor of the growing of grain, there results, as has been said, a pronounced transfer of German purchasing power to the exporting countries, namely Denmark, Holland, Lettland, and Finland. This transfer is uneconomic and unsound because it artificially handicaps the production of those German farmers who are capable of meeting competition, and favors a different crop-production which is unable to meet competition. Germany produces about 500,000,000 marks' worth of eggs; the consumption per capita is increasing rapidly. Today Germany imports 300,000,000 marks' worth of eggs. The German producer of eggs is compelled to buy barley, corn, or wheat at 11-12 marks per 50 Kg.; in return he receives 6 pfennigs for an egg. The Dutch or Danish farmer uses for feed a free imported grain at a cost of 4.50 marks per 50 Kg. and receives likewise 6 pfennigs per egg. It is perfectly evident that the German producer of eggs is headed for ruin.

The effect of the system of high protective tariffs is best illustrated by the sugar industry in Germany. Until

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1927 German sugar beets were protected by a relatively high sugar duty. The price of sugar was about 34 marks per 100 Kg. Still the beet-growers claimed to be in need of a higher tariff. Thereupon the government increased the duty on sugar to such an extent that the price rose to 42 marks per 100 Kg. The consequences of this step are so evident and simple that anybody could count them off on his fingers in advance. But let us follow the procedure further. The planting of sugar beets increased. The crop exceeded the demand so that large quantities had to be exported, with the result that in the home market the price of German sugar is 42 marks, in foreign markets 12-14 marks! During 1930-31 about 20 per cent of the German sugar crop was exported to the world market. Even larger amounts, for which no export market exists, have been stored for future use. The producing farmer no longer receives for his beets 1.80 marks as he did before the duty was advanced, but only 1.10 marks. The dumping of the surplus has been, however, too costly, and, therefore, it has been decided to choke off production by apportioning and limiting the conversion of beets into sugar. The result is that certain producers, namely the sugar refineries and large growers, enjoy the privilege, under a purely arbitrary ruling, of cultivating too expensive beets, while all others, especially the majority of the small farmers, go empty handed.

It must be kept in mind, however, that these small farmers can produce sugar beets much more cheaply because they have a surplus of working-power, have much manure and, if they own many cattle, have excellent use for the leaves of the beets. The working of the system outlined results in stabilization of the cost of production and any economic progress is checked. The home consumer pays the bill because if the home price is 300 per cent of the world market price he can afford only half as much sugar as the consumers in many other countries. Thus in spite of overproduction, the demand is artificially kept at a low level. The self-evident way to adjust the amount of production to the market needs would be by the reduction of the sugar price through repeal of the tariff. These conditions produce an endless chain. The lesser evil is always chosen. From time to time it is discovered that despite the increase of the several duties there are still holes for foreign goods to slip through. To close them, more and higher tariff changes are made instead of our abandoning the wrong principle. How unhappily and contrary to all reason this manipulating of tariffs has affected the various prices is best shown by the fact that the only agrarian raw material which is still duty free, namely the concentrated feed stuffs, such as soy bean meal and oil cake with 50 per cent protein, cost half as much as grain. The protectionist system which rules in Germany today is economically indefensible because the vital factor of all business, namely the personal initiative of both employer and employee and free competition, is gradually being destroyed.

What can Germany gain from free trade? The answer to this question appears to require first of all a definition of free trade. Free trade does not imply a haphazard "laissez faire, laissez aller"; it can only mean an economy which stands in free competition with other nations, but is actively aided and promoted by its state along the lines of rational and free economic development. Such help on the part of the state should consist, for instance, of aiding in lowering the costs of production instead of stabilization of prices, in the promotion of scientific training, and in spreading knowledge of the discoveries in technical progress.

The return to a modified free-trade policy—its prerequisites in relation to foreign policy cannot be discussed here—would produce as the first result a lowering of raw material prices, both in agriculture (*i. e.,* grain and vegetables) and in industry. A gradual reversal of our economic policy would not mean a financial loss in duties to the state, but the great revival of trade would assure both a considerably greater tax potentiality and greatly increased revenues from the remaining but decreasing duties. The greatest difficulty to be overcome when a change from protection to free trade is made is the first period after its adoption. This period requires nerves of steel for those who steer the political ship. It is inevitable that in such a change—even when plans for the transition period have been carefully laid—all that was artificially kept up under protection and cannot hold its own under the laws of competition gradually breaks down. This would apply in Germany principally to the large agricultural enterprises in the East, and also to numerous enterprises in heavy industry. Undoubtedly many peasant farmers, as well as factories and independent enterprises in light industry, would be seriously affected, because many of these parasites have been carried along during the period of protection by government aid and would be unable to stand on their own feet. The inevitably severe consequences from which many individuals would suffer during the period of transition and readjustment would make it imperative to proceed with utmost consideration. But Germany could look forward to a healthy, self-reliant, and enterprising economic life after the adoption of free trade (after the difficulties of the change have been overcome).

There are excellent precedents available for reliable knowledge as to the difficulties and the consequences of a transition from protection to free trade. Several decades ago Denmark and Belgium carried out such a reversal of policy. The crisis was grave in both countries, but both countries show today a weatherproof economic structure. Nowhere else have individual price calculations so thoroughly become the foundation of industrial and agricultural life, nowhere else are production costs lower. Still another example can be cited from recent times. In that part of Schleswig-Holstein, which was ceded to Denmark, the peasant farmers have had to adopt a far reaching change from protective duties to free trade. They adjusted themselves excellently to the new conditions and are today in a much sounder position than the protected German farmers.

The existing tremendous economic crisis in Germany, which—in spite of all our Government's wrongly conceived economic measures—is in the last analysis due to the impossible and dictatorial demands of the Treaty of Versailles, has imposed upon our state the most difficult task ever faced by any government. Every beam and every plank of the Ship of State groans as in a hurricane. Faith in the vitality and possibility of the capitalistic system of national life has already been shattered in a large part of the population during the terrible years of the crisis, because only a shadow of that system has remained. But as soon as the worst consequences of the financial crisis and the loss of confidence have been overcome, a gradual change to healthier and wiser economic policies will surely be forced upon us.

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A Letter to Critics

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Barnard, Vt., August 22

IN my innocence I had supposed that reviewers for *The Nation,* unlike contributors to less scrupulous publications, were expected at least to glance at books they reviewed. But I seem to have been in error. In *The Nation* of August 19, in a comment on "Vermonters: A Book of Biographies," one of the interesting volumes just issued under the influence of the Vermont Commission on Country Life, I find these extraordinary words by Eda Lou Walton:

> The "Biographies" will prove more interesting to Vermonters than to the general reader. Only a few famous names are included: the inevitable Calvin Coolidge, and Robert Frost, of course. The most interesting and illuminating material is to be found in the biographies of such pioneers as Ethan Allen and Walter H. Crockett. Here is vivid history.

Vivid is the word. In fact, vivid is always a good vivid word, in reviews. But Mr. Crockett hasn't really been a pioneer in the same sense as Ethan Allen, who died in 1789, for Mr. Crockett was not born till 1870, and is today a professor in the University of Vermont. There is no biography of him in the book, though there are several by him.

The Nation's reviewer may have slipped; she may have meant some one other than Walter Crockett—perhaps Davy. But view her former statement, her implication, intentional or unintentional, that only the names of Coolidge and Frost are known outside our parish. What about the following persons, born or for most of their lives resident in Vermont, and all of them discussed, plain for any one save a reviewer to behold, in precisely this book reviewed:

Chester Alan Arthur, President of the United States. Admiral Clark, a hill-town boy who became the hero of the *Oregon's* great voyage. John Cotton Dana, prince of librarians. Thomas Davenport, who with only a poor blacksmith shop for laboratory, made the first electric motor in history, the first motor-driven car, and the first model of an electric trolley, and who ran the first electric printing press.

Or Professor John Dewey, Admiral George Dewey, and Captain Ira Dutton, U. S. A., who was to become the glorious "Brother Joseph" of the Molokai Leper Colony, and to die this year, at eighty-eight, after forty-five years of quiet heroism. If Miss Walton has never heard of the two Deweys nor been stirred by the romance of Brother Joseph, yet perhaps she has read of a man called Stephen A. Douglas, who argued a good deal with Lincoln. If she had looked into the book, she would have seen that the little giant of the prairies was born in a cottage at Brandon, Vermont.

And what about Thaddeus Fairbanks, who invented and first manufactured the platform scale, a prosaic but most important factor in distribution? And Dorothy Canfield Fisher? And the reverend and scholarly Rufus Griswold, the elegant anthologist, who so zealously spread the news that Poe was a drunkard that, thanks to Griswold alone, Poe was in disgrace for seventy-five years? And the Ambassador and Editor and King-maker, George B. M. Harvey; Houghton, publisher of Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, and the *Atlantic Monthly;* William Morris Hunt, the American Barbizon painter who put over Millet? And Darwin P. Kingsley, Hiram Powers the sculptor, and Redfield Proctor, Senator and Secretary of War, who built up the largest marble business in the world and, just for variety, created the modern American army?

And may the world not have heard of John Godfrey Saxe, Stuart Sherman—another plainsman who was actually of the mountains—or of Justice Wendell Phillips Stafford? Should not even a reviewer recognize the name of Thaddeus Stevens, who was nothing much but the storm-center of Washington after Lincoln's death, the man who almost had President Johnson impeached and almost drove the South back into war again? Well, he was born in poverty on the Vermont frontier.

What about Theodore N. Vail, first president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company who, though he was born in Ohio, at the age of thirty-eight bought a farm in Vermont and thereafter, whenever he travelled abroad, registered himself as "farmer, Lyndon, Vt., U. S. A." And Dan Willard, the lone knight among railroad presidents, and the other Willard, Emma, who in her own house in Middlebury, Vermont, opened a Female Seminary in 1814, and who became the greatest pioneer of women's education in America.

My dear Miss Walton! "Only a few famous names are included."

I should have thought that a writer for a magazine with the purposes of *The Nation* would have had sense enough to see that here was, ready-made, an extraordinary study of the effect on character of living amid a sturdy and not overcrowded folk.

Such a roll of great men might not be extraordinary in states with such huge populations as New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois—yes, or Virginia which, though now it ranks only twentieth in population in the United States, was from first to fifth between 1790 and 1850. But Vermont, now ranking forty-fifth, has never—*never*—had more than 360,000 people, which makes it only slightly greater in population than that not very distinguished community, Jersey City, N. J., considerably smaller than Newark or Seattle, and about one-half as large as Pittsburgh, whence cometh only Mellons and the pious Jim Davis.

Nor has Vermont, like all the Atlantic States south of it, any long history in which to have produced heroes. Not until 1760, two hundred years after the foundation of St. Augustine, Florida, did it have permanent settlements. It has always been of a scattered population, with little wealth and no vast influential centers. Even today, the largest town in the State, Burlington, has but 25,000 residents.

Yet out of this population, so small that it could be lost in the Bronx, out of these homogenous hills and meadows which might be expected to have produced only one sort or two of man, have come such amazingly contrasted persons as Coolidge, Rufus Griswold, Father Joseph, George Dewey, George Harvey, Stephen Douglas, Stuart Sherman, the fas-

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tidious, and Hiram Powers, the prince of plaster!

Was this not worth some consideration by the reviewer supposedly qualified to represent *The Nation*? I should not expect her to produce so long an essay on Vermont and the advantages of disurbanization as this; but I should have expected her to see and hint that it was splendidly there.

Incidentally she did not mention, if she ever noted, the one important adverse criticism of the book: that it omits two of the most interestingly notorious men ever born in Vermont—Joseph Smith and Brigham Young.

Is this not news—not, perhaps, for a New York tabloid, but for such an audience as that of *The Nation*? A State, not rich, not boosting and peppy, has made an effort to understand itself better by collecting and recording its own history, with no help whatever from outside millionaire "Foundations." Does that news not deserve a slightly livelier comment than the reviewer's vague and supercilious remark—presumably about the two volumes in the series devoted to Vermont Prose and Vermont Verse: "Such a project is worth while as social history and as a background for the social criticism of literature, but writings so collected are likely to prove of very little artistic merit"? Well! I don't suppose that Dr. Peach, the editor of the series, ever thought of it, but now that Miss Walton points it out, he probably realizes that the collected literature from any one small state is unlikely in general to reach the standard of "The Oxford Book of Verse." That's news! That's illuminating! That's vivid! And of course in a world that, in 1931, is entirely devoted to artistic merit, any "project" that is merely sound social history is scarcely worth trying!

Again incidentally, while Miss Walton did credit the publication of these books to the Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, she did not take the trouble to give the name of the series. These four books, of Vermont prose, verse, old folk songs, and biographies, are published together as "The Green Mountain Series."

And, not quite so incidentally, it has interested me to study, in a case in which I have no responsibility for the book and in which I know nothing about the reviewer, a typical case of incompetent reviewing. A writer gives years to a sound book; a reviewer, even in so consequent a journal as *The Nation*, not infrequently disposes of it without taking the trouble even to look at it. Every writer suffers from this, daily. Regarding his own work he does not, unless he is an Upton Sinclair, leap on a soap box and rage publicly. But that does not keep him from secretly wishing that every person who takes upon himself the considerable responsibility of judging a book would occasionally come to the courtroom and hear a little of the testimony before he pompously charges the jury.

We Haven't Saved a Cent

By LAURA TURNIDGE STEVENS

IT appears that the working people of the United States are profoundly misunderstood or else misjudged by their more fortunate fellow-citizens. Recently the unemployed of a certain Northwestern city which calls itself the lumber capital of the world marched many thousand strong to the City Hall, where they appealed to the mayor and other officials for relief. The next day a millionaire factory owner, in speaking of this demonstration to a group of his employees, referred to the protesting men as "the criminals who marched through our streets yesterday." I heard a high-school teacher say of the marching men that "half the number would refuse a job if it were offered." He added: "They were looking for work and praying that they would not find it." Although the demonstration had been carried on in perfect order, a prominent business man spoke of the parading men as "the bums who tried to disturb the peace of our city."

A lady, prominent in social affairs, had occasion to drive through that portion of the city which is given over to the labor market. She was surprised by the large number of idle men she saw standing about in the street. Later, in a speech before her club, this woman declared that the city was overrun with hobos. It was suggested to her that most of the idle men she had seen were laborers who had been thrown out of work by the closing down of our own mills and factories. She refused to accept this explanation, and continued to speak of the men as hobos.

Shortly after the demonstration at the City Hall which I have described, several hundred of our most prominent citizens were called into counsel by the mayor for the purpose of forming some plan of relief for the unemployed. They met at the best hotel in the city and there, seated about a banquet, our "wise men" discussed the problems confronting the lean, jobless individuals who had marched to the City Hall a few days before. Outside the hotel a mob of undernourished, angry men awaited their decision. Hours passed, and at last some of the unemployed men began protesting. Two of them secured elevated positions and begun haranguing the crowd. They were promptly seized, clubbed without mercy by the police, and marched to jail. I am only an ordinary woman, the wife of a day laborer, but even so I see clearly that the men who sat in counsel with the mayor forming plans, while partaking of a banquet, for the relief of the starving did not understand the reactions of the mob outside the hotel to this situation, or else they misjudged them.

Many refuse to face the truth about conditions arising out of the present financial depression, because it makes them uncomfortable to do so. The mental picture of the hungry man who begged for food at the back door may spoil her dinner for the wife of the shut-down factory owner. She would like to think that it is the man's own fault that he is hungry. Prosperous persons who are constantly solicited for funds to provide for the needy, build up in their minds good reasons for not giving. They tell themselves that if great hordes of working people are in such unhappy circumstances, it must have come about through failure on their part to make the best of their opportunities.

The opinions voiced by Mrs. Davids, an ex-missionary, who lives near me, correspond with the average opinion, the

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way of thinking which characterizes the general indifferent public. I refer to that portion of the public which, comfortable and unaware, is fairly secure in its own resources and heartily wishes to remain so. I talked with Mrs. Davids as we waited for the street car. "I doubt that very many people are out of work," she said in answer to a remark of mine. "Yes, I know that a large number in this neighborhood are laid off, but sometimes I think they want to be laid off. They don't seem to worry about it. The truck driver who lives next door to me has been out of a job for a month, but I heard him whistling this morning as he chopped wood. He seemed to be perfectly happy. I can't believe that people in this country are actually going without sufficient food because they are out of work. I was at a moving-picture show yesterday and the theater was crowded. This leads me to think that times are not so bad. And our minister says that only a small percentage of the working people are unemployed—and he ought to know."

I suggested that even a small percentage of a large number might be a great army, but Mrs. Davids did not answer me. She continued: "I have not much sympathy for working people even if they are in want. They are an extravagant lot. Even now, when they are supposed to be in such straits, they spend money foolishly. A welfare worker told me a story . . ." She repeated the oft-told tale of the machinist's family that had been on charity for several months; how a relative, hearing of their plight, sent them two hundred dollars.

"And what did they do? You never could guess," said Mrs. Davids.

I had heard what the machinist's family did, but I would not deny my neighbor the pleasure of telling me.

"The day the money came," she said impressively, "they had stewed chicken for dinner, and went to a matinee! There can be no doubt that working people are an extravagant lot. The majority of them could have had homes paid for, and money saved, had they but lived economically since the war. Work has been plentiful most of the time and wages good. It's their own fault if they are hard up."

The assumption that if laboring people had only managed well in these last years they might have homes paid for and huge indestructible bank accounts to draw upon in time of unemployment, is the stupidest and more irritating of all the excuses given by those persons too weak to face the issue. And it is used most frequently by those who wish to shirk their responsibility in helping to solve the problem of relief for the unemployed. "Working people have lived too high!" We hear it said on every side. "They have bought too many automobiles, too many electric washing machines, too much fine furniture on the installment plan. They have attended too many moving-picture shows." Persons who utter these sentiments misunderstand the class they talk about. Their information on the subject is incomplete.

Two-thirds of the men on our street are out of work because the saw-mills and factories are shut down. My husband may be one of them tomorrow. We are one of those thriftless families who, upon an income of something less than eleven hundred dollars a year for the support of three people, have been unable to save money. Next month we may not have money to pay for food and fuel, to make the payments on our home. We may not be able to pay our daughter's street-car fare to school, our son's carfare as he makes the rounds of the city looking for work. (Our son's home has been broken up these last six months because he has been, through unemployment, unable to support his family. His wife and child have gone to stay with relatives in the country, and he is to remain with us until he finds work.)

I suppose it is hard for people who have lived all their lives in financial security to understand such a situation. But that does not prevent its existence in millions of American homes today. And the majority of these homes are not the squalid dwellings of "ignorant foreigners, who have never maintained a decent standard of living," as many of the more fortunate class would like to think. These conditions—and worse—exist in good American homes where people sleep between clean sheets and children are taught to brush their teeth before going to school in the morning. Mothers who have learned by reading the *Woman's Home Companion* and attending Parent-Teachers' Association meetings that children must have large quantities of milk daily if they are to develop properly are being denied any milk at all, because the Welfare Bureau cannot obtain funds to pay for it. In our city last week two hundred families were deprived of milk for this reason.

And even now, you who read this, if you are one of the sidesteppers of the issue, are saying to yourself: "The woman is writing about laborers on the lowest round of the ladder. I am sure that not many skilled laborers are so badly off." If you have had occasion to employ a brick mason, a plumber, or an electrician in recent years you will recall that you paid him what seemed to you an unreasonably large wage, and you will decide that labor of this class cannot be on charity.

My neighbor, Nels Jensen, who earns his living by building chimneys, is a fair sample of the skilled workingman. When I first knew him eight years ago, he was earning eight dollars a day, but his work was not steady. He averaged less than forty dollars a week. As time passed he earned less, and in the last three years he considers himself lucky when he earns twenty-five dollars a week. There have been too many brick masons and not enough jobs, and wages have dropped to six dollars a day in defiance of the union. Between jobs Nels works about his place, repairing his buildings or digging in the garden. Much time he spends looking for work.

I think the Jensens have spent their income wisely since I have known them. Nels's earnings have averaged $1,400 a year. They have lived decently. They have paid $2,300 for a home. They have purchased a Ford car for Nels to ride to work in. Life insurance costs them $150 a year. Six hundred dollars have been spent in eight years for doctors' and dentists' bills. The birth of a child cost them $200, an operation for Nels $200 again, and at the insistence of the school nurse each of the three children has had his tonsils removed, at a cost of $40 a child. The Jensens have saved no money, but they have kept clear of debt. I believe they are justified in being proud of their financial management since I have known them.

Nels Jensen represents the average in skilled labor, and he has managed his affairs with care and intelligence; but still, at the end of three months of unemployment, he and his family are living on charity. Considering the working class in general, the skilled worker earning above $1,400 a year

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is greatly in the minority. For each one of this kind there are twenty unskilled laborers earning not more than $1,000 a year.

To deny the situation that exists and to declare that working people are on charity because of past extravagance is stupidity. Things are in a bad way with the working class in the United States, and it would show wisdom on the part of members of the ruling class if they would but look at the situation from all angles, appraising it with careful judgment. I am an American citizen who believes that government under our Constitution, if honestly administered, is the best there is. Most of the working people I know are of the same mind, but they have lost their sense of national security. They see the spirit behind such manifestations of callous indifference and misunderstanding of the truth as I have described in the beginning of this article.

In the Driftway

THE other day the Drifter, suddenly deciding to flee from the heat of New York and get himself into a bathing suit, paid his first visit to Jones Beach, and encountered there one of the pleasantest surprises of his life. For the Drifter arrived at Jones Beach with a fixed idea of what any beach within an hour or two's drive of New York City would be like. It would be like Long Beach or Coney Island. That is, there would be rows of ramshackle wooden bathhouses, which in an emergency would make excellent fire traps; they would be properly dark and dank; those who managed them would charge you anywhere from $1 to $2 or $3 for the privilege of changing from your street clothes into a bathing suit; the bathhouse entrances and sides would be covered with various garish signs, giving either the name of the bathhouse or advertising some cigarette or soft drink or sunburn lotion; while between competing bathhouses there would be rows of hot-dog and soda-pop stands, shooting-galleries, Japanese ball-rolling games—all covered with flamboyant placards and full of noisy "barkers."

* * * * *

THE Drifter's first surprise came as his car (or, if he *must* be honest, his friend's car) approached the beach by way of Southern State Parkway. We went for miles without seeing an advertising signboard; we were completely deprived of the information that a certain cigarette satisfies, that another is toasted, that a third keeps you kissable, and that each of five brands of gasoline is positively the best. We passed only two gas stations, both charmingly designed, and without any messy signs announcing the price per gallon. Instead of telegraph poles, dirt, and hot-dog stands along the way, there was a continuous prospect of trees and grass and sloping lawns on either side; instead of meeting the parkway at dangerous crossings, roads at right angles passed over it on attractive stone bridges. Arrived at Jones Beach itself, our eyes were first caught by the fine water tower. We found that we could get a bathhouse locker for only thirty-five cents. The bathhouses themselves had actually been designed by a competent architect; their entrances were solidly built, in a uniform style, of admirably blended rough stone and brick, and the section for the bathers was built of some solid fireproof material. Later we had dinner, at a moderate rate, in the dining room facing the sea, and watched the bathers and the colored lights of the beautiful outdoor pool. And surrounding the bathing houses, instead of the various hot-dog stands, advertising signs, and petty profiteers, were well-kept lawns, hedges, and flowers. The beach was almost immaculately clean. In brief, the whole thing seemed almost a bit unreal.

* * * * *

SO this was State Socialism, showing its horrid head! This was the sort of thing against which the Drifter's generation had been warned so often in its youth, the thing which Mr. Hoover and all the champions of individualism are still trying to save us from! This was an example of that terrible Socialism which, practiced since the war on a larger scale in Germany, in town planning projects and the like, is supposed to have been so ruinous. Alas, Jones Beach does not reflect the glories of Free Enterprise, and Laissez-Faire, like the bathhouses of Coney Island and Long Beach, for Jones Beach State Park, and the Southern State Parkway, were built and are managed by New York State, through a commission.

* * * * *

IT may be, of course, that the Drifter Sees Only the Surface of Things. Defenders of private enterprise may hint of graft; maybe this thing or that cost more than it should have. The Drifter has not looked up the figures; perhaps the beach—though he doubts it—is being run at a deficit, or won't pay a Fair Return on the capital put into it. But even if some of these things should turn out to be true, the Drifter cannot see that they would very much matter. For him those trees and flowers at Jones Beach were a more convincing and certainly a more delightful argument for Socialism, for Welfare vs. Profits, than anything in the works of the Messrs. Marx and Engels. Here, concretely, were the fruits of genuine planning. But then, the Drifter warns his readers that he is an Impressionist, and not a Close Reasoner.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Dr. Mayo and War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Charles H. Mayo, speaking at the State convention of the American Legion, which met at Rochester, Minn., last week, told the ex-service men that the only way to deal with war is to prepare for it.

He said, in defense of his contention, that men have "predatory instincts," the implication being that men are born fighters, a doubtful proposition in view of the high-pressure methods which propagandists are compelled to use before men can be induced to fight; that "man's heritage is and always has been war," and that "there is no such thing as permanent peace between peoples," which is so simply because people are as indifferent about stopping war as Dr. Mayo. In fact the tenor of his address was that war is something we cannot escape, and that we might just as well put our house in order for the next one.

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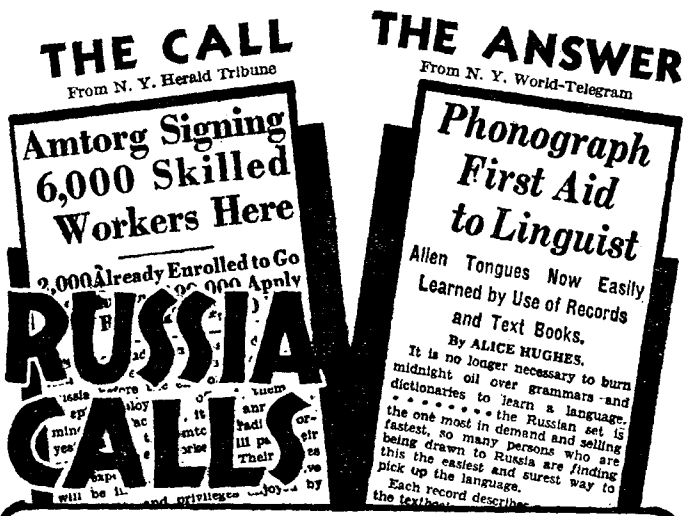
THE CALL
From N. Y. Herald Tribune
Amtorg Signing 6,000 Skilled Workers Here
2,000 Already Enrolled to Go
RUSSIA CALLS
THE ANSWER
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But the Mayos are not sitting around in their Rochester clinic lamenting the fact that cancer, being another human heritage, is an incurable disease. Not at all: they are up and doing. They are determined to rid the race of its cancer plague. But all this fine spirit of conquest forsakes the doctor when he steps from his office; and he assumes an attitude of laissez faire, forgetting apparently that if doctors had adopted that attitude in their own profession they would still be using herbs.

When the surgeon removes an appendix he does it with the utmost scientific skill. But in treating this dread "bellicosis," a disease of the body politic, he prescribes a measure of patriotism in a solution of bullets and gunpowder with instructions to increase the dose until it kills the patient, a remedy which quacks have applied for the last five or six centuries. It is strange that a doctor, who scoffs at fake cures and humbugs in the medical field, believes the most fantastic superstitions when he goes outside his chosen profession, and swallows the medicaments of Lydia Pinkham with a gullibility which is positively amazing.

Minneapolis, August 19 WALLACE HALLIDAY

Our Free Trade Series

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I must write you my congratulations upon the series on free trade just begun by *The Nation*. I think that protection is one of the chief causes of the division of the Democratic vote in Presidential elections. I feel strongly that the world must come to an understanding of the folly, as well as of the wickedness, of the protective tariff, and I am heartily glad that my friend Philip Snowden stands up with a rigid spine on that question. Alas, from this point of view I feel that the probable outcome of the new British Government will be disheartening and will delay sound economic progress.

Saratoga Springs, August 28 GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, author, satirist, and cartoonist, is writing regularly for *The Nation*.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

PROFESSOR DR. KARL BRANDT is the director of the Institute for Research in Agricultural Markets in connection with the agricultural college in Berlin.

SINCLAIR LEWIS, author of "Babbitt," was the winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1930.

LAURA TURNIDGE STEVENS is a resident of Tacoma.

EVAN SHIPMAN is a young poet who has contributed to *transition, Scribner's*, and other periodicals.

CLIFTON FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

CARROLL LANE FENTON, paleontologist, is at the Walker Museum, University of Chicago.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN has recently published "A Study of the Principles of Politics."

ERNEST GRUENING is author of "Mexico and Its Heritage."

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES is the author of "Jonathan Edwards."

FLORENCE KELLEY is secretary of the National Consumers' League.

A. HARRIS is the pseudonym of an American journalist who is a resident of Mexico.

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Books and Films

The Captive

By EVAN SHIPMAN

Hammers beat ring beat
To no avail
Only the shock of heat
To meet
And force the links of the chain
Shall prevail
Against the order of the bonds again.

Bound to the corded brain
The iron eats
And enters matching grain with grain.
The pulse beats
Heavy, where the temple's load pulses
Alike, beats
Scarlet, where the blinded eye convulses.

Freedom to turn the pain
(How frail
The scales of bondage) pain
Is stale
In the core, though the weight
Shall remain
Attending the slow fire of fate.

Conversational Communist

The Colonel's Daughter. By Richard Aldington. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

ALDINGTON is one of the most amusingly representative men of his generation. A writer of real skill, energy, and personality, he somehow, early in his career, got himself bogged in the delicate morass of a third-rate poetic movement and threw in his lot with the aesthetes whom now he so heartily belabors. Up to the time of the Armistice there was little indication that he had ever done any thinking beyond the confines of strictly literary problems. He was a perfect upper middle-class Imperial product, aesthetic model. Then came the famous war which was almost lost on the playing-fields of Eton; and Aldington, in common with many other young men of his class and generation, found that life was not exactly a sporting proposition. His first discovery of the fact was expressed in "Death of a Hero," a badly written but thoroughly interesting realistic novel, in which the blame for the war was placed squarely on the shoulders of the conservative ruling classes. Now comes this second novel, much lighter in tone and less impressive in every way, except one: it reveals the sheer intellectual progress the author has made in the last two years. He now reveals himself as a conversational Communist—a type found profusely among our own intellectual class. It is a far journey from Meleager and Anyte of Tegea to the caustic neo-Communist epilogue which closes "The Colonel's Daughter." It is a journey that the more socially responsible members of his generation all appear to be making—except those who, like Eliot, feel that, because they are great writers (which Eliot is) they must necessarily behave as if in anticipation of a Westminster Abbey interment.

"The Colonel's Daughter" is really a study, hastily, crudely, but interestingly done, of a decaying economic class. Lieutenant-Colonel Frederic Smithers ("the old-fashioned, well-bred English gentleman, a little gone at the teeth, a little bare and bony at the occiput, keeping his pure cricket bags unsullied in spite of his woundy panic"); his horse-faced wife, whose Amazonian mentality is rock-proof against even the slightest suggestion of an idea; their unfortunate daughter Georgie, weak in the head and with buck teeth; Purfleet, the airy and sentimental intellectual; Geoffrey Hunter-Payne, the young red-faced Empire Builder; Margy Stuart, the post-war flapper who has found temporary salvation in changing beds: these are all seen, not as complex individuals (because they aren't complex), but as assignable products of a given social order which Aldington hates violently because it has betrayed him. The book is, of course, riotous caricature, with no pretensions to fundamental criticism and still less to perfection of form and style—but it is caricature done with the eye on the object. It is violent with all the naive indignation of the recent convert—and particularly of the convert who is turning against his own class. But its violence is genuine, not mechanical.

To Aldington, Imperial England's number is up. The stately homes stand in the shadow of imminent nationalization. The green and pleasant land is to change into something very remote from William Blake's New Jerusalem. "The turn is coming"—and, as far as one can read between the lines, this erstwhile imagist will not be at all sorry when it comes. Aldington's point of view, though it is born of the same war-weariness, must not be confused with the cynic despair of Aldous Huxley; for it is healthier, more vital, more constructive. It is virginal, intensely personal; he is still, even in this book which seemingly centers in the unhappy fate of an unattractive woman, paying off personal grudges. It will be interesting—he is a young man—to watch whether the note of social satire deepens as he gets older, or whether he will make a gesture of fatigue and return to the world of belles lettres. He has none of the characteristics of a really important novelist—but he is an extremely vigorous one, and, from the point of view of Moscow, he may well develop into an extremely valuable one.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

A Great Naturalist

Cope: Master Naturalist. By Henry Fairfield Osborn, with the cooperation of Helen Ann Warren. Princeton University Press. $5.

EDWARD DRINKER COPE is one of the great figures of American science. Born in 1840, dying in 1897, he was among the last of the all-round naturalists: Leidy and Haeckel alone survived him. In a relatively short life he found time to be farmer, teacher, herpetologist, ichthyologist, editor, and paleontologist—and to make excursions into sociology, ethics, and philosophy as well. His complete bibliography fills one hundred and forty-five pages, and among its titles are many of the enduring classics of vertebrate zoology and paleontology.

Such achievement justifies biography, and this is at least the third to be published. Happily, it shows Cope as a man as well as a worker. That it does so primarily by quotation from Cope's own letters gives reliability and vivid reality to the portrayal.

The first of these letters was written in 1846, when the future scientist was but six years old. In quaint, Quakerish phrases he describes a visit to Peale's Museum (one of the sights of Philadelphia), where he "saw Mammoth and Hydrarchas, does thee know what that is? It is a great skeleton of a

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serpent." The interest in animals is strong, and appears in both a journal of a voyage to Boston, and one of a day in the growing museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. The latter is a remarkable production for a child of eight, for it shows close study of both specimens and labels.

Except for a brief attempt at farming, urged upon him by his father, Cope moved directly toward a career in science. At the age of twenty-two he was in Washington, freely studying the Smithsonian collections. The next year he was in Europe; 1871 found him discovering the magnificent fossil reptiles of Kansas. His life became a mad whirl of exploration, study, writing, and lecturing. Figures, of course, are not too significant: yet we find that he described 1282 genera and species of fossils, plus an unknown number of living animals.

One thinks of the research man as cool, aloof, unhurried. None of those adjectives fitted Cope. Always he worked at high pressure, even telegraphing descriptions from the field to forestall his rival, Marsh of Yale. When no museum or bureau could pay his expenses, Cope spent $50,000 of his own money collecting fossils, and speculated in mines to retrieve his fortunes. The speculation failed; he plunged into a newspaper quarrel with Marsh and the United States Geological Survey which nearly cost him his professorship at Pennsylvania. But the professorship was saved—and Cope borrowed money from his foremost champion to meet the bills of his embarrassed magazine.

A stirring, conflict-laden life. A life of nervous, exacting haste. Cope was old and tiring at fifty. At fifty-seven, he died. His death marked the end of an epoch in American paleontology. It was an epoch of pioneer exploration, in the wild haunts of scarcely subdued Indians. That exploration was carried out by individuals and conflicting official surveys: each party worked for itself alone and helped the devil to take the hindmost. In such cut-throat field work, with its attendant high-pressure study, Cope was a ready and able fighter.

Yet he was not, as tradition sometimes paints him, a bitter, humorless man, without capacity for prolonged reflection. He quarreled because he could not do otherwise; he worked fast because he had to. But these letters show that in spirit he remained the earnest, honest Quaker, doing good unto all who were willing to let him. In evolution, where haste was not needed, Cope's theories evidence a care in thought which makes him the most significant and subtle of all Lamarckians. As for humor—what must one grant this paleontologist who, disregarding all nomenclatorial dicta, commemorated a quarrel by naming an extinct, ugly beast *cophater?*

CARROLL LANE FENTON

The Lost Land Recovered

Social Substance of Religion. By Gerald Heard. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THIS is a remarkable book. It is with difficulty that I restrain myself from calling it a work of genius—to do so would not be to debase the coinage of praise—and only a certain slightness in its structure holds me back. Mr. Heard starts from the profound unhappiness of man in this present age, manifested subjectively in the prevalence of neuroses, objectively in the pressure towards revolution. Mr. Heard's thesis—I am not satisfied that it is no more than description, but it must be confessed that there is no little warrant in this decade for calling it such—requires the painting of the world with almost Spenglerian gloom. He then proceeds to inquire after the cause of this unhappiness. On anthropological grounds he rejects the Freudian explanation of the inner conflict in the kingdom of man's soul. He finds the cause (partly basing himself on Köhler's studies of apes) in a clash between the desire of the individual for identification with the group and for identification with the family. Either could give peace but the martyrdom of man begins with the rival claims of the two. Out of this rivalry the self-consciousness of the individual is born and the poison of the fruit of the tree of knowledge begins to work. Mere understanding replaces the early intuition and the sense of rhythmic union with the whole. The ritual of rhythm, in the religious dance and ceremony, becomes formal and empty. Behind the soul that has crossed the *limen* and gone out the cliffs rise ever higher and more dissevering between the kingdom of the conscious and the great lost land of the unconscious from which still flow the streams which water life.

Stage succeeds stage as we move away from paradise towards the shivering isolation of the self-conscious individual. Identification with the mother and matriarchy is succeeded by the aggressive temper of patriarchy, with its Oedipus savage energy. Exhausted, civilization turns back to the earth mother and the chthonic deities. The old unselfconscious sense of identity, however, has been lost. Deliberate orgiastic ceremonies to procure identification replace it. The erotic religions, however, are vitiated by the restless devil of individualism, pander only to the satisfaction of the individual—and leave him dissatisfied. The reaction to asceticism follows, including ascetic Christianity. So Mr. Heard follows up the course of the history of religion as man's attempt to recover the lost happiness down to the last attempts of Quaker and Moravian to recapture identity with the group. Meanwhile—and it is here that Mr. Heard is least speculative in his argument and most brilliantly convincing—the group has grown into the state, has become external, heterogeneous, mechanical, utterly unable to satisfy the psychic demand of the lost individual for that sense of union which the animal group once gave and the ritual of religion maintained. The quest of man is for the recovery of that sense.

Havelock Ellis, in a recent review of the English edition of this book, points out that many men have entered into a community saying, "Fellowship is heaven," and have left it, disillusioned, saying, "Fellowship is hell." Mr. Ellis, without perhaps falling into the old individualist error of imagining that man is a psychological Robinson Crusoe, has never had much use for the morals of the community. And yet one wonders whether Mr. Ellis and Mr. Heard do not really affirm the value of the same experience. Havelock Ellis sees the importance of the exclusive selection of friends and the tension of this group in its relation to the outside world. Gerald Heard affirms the all-importance of the like-minded group of friends, integrated in contrast to a heterogeneous and unsatisfying society such as state or nation.

In his dissatisfaction with the understanding as man's guide to happiness Mr. Heard is only following the tradition of Bergson. For his psychological and anthropological presuppositions he will have to stand before the bar of the experts in these sciences. The novelty of the book lies in its attitude towards the like-minded group. Mr. Heard will have to answer the criticism that he is advocating a form of infantilism, of what in the jargon of the subject is called "return to the womb," whereas, as Lippmann has pointed out, a sound philosophy requires man to face realistically the consequences of maturity. Mr. Heard may reply that such philosophy may taste the knowledge of truth but—such is the primal curse—cannot give happiness. He has to answer in the affirmative the question "Is society a good thing?"—a question put by doubters, not in the style of Thoreau, but more profoundly. After all, is the good of society to be found in identification with it, or also to be found in our experience of it in its tensions and hates as well as in its unions and loves? Fundamentally, however, Mr. Heard's problem remains well posed. Can man be satisfied by state or

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nation? How nearly did primitive group and primitive family, Aristotle's city-state ("to be seen all at a glance": face-to-face) and monastic community satisfy? Must not some such spiritually homogeneous group be rediscovered today unless man is to violate his deepest nature and civilization to end in catastrophe? His method of posing the question and of arguing towards an answer raises Mr. Heard's book to the level of being what, in a world of ballyhoo, I shall not scruple to call one of the eminent writings of today. It needs verification. But it is discovery.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Pattern of Mexico

Mexican Maze. By Carleton Beals. With Illustrations by Diego Rivera. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

NO American writer knows Mexico more intimately than does Carleton Beals. None understands it better. His "Mexico: An Interpretation," published in the spring of 1923, was the first book in English to make intelligible the revolution begun thirteen years before. His "Brimstone and Chili," a personal chronicle of high adventure, gives a swift panorama of Mexican life from the burning Sonora Desert, over the icy plateau of the Durango Sierra Madre and into the vortex of revolutionary life in the capital during the Carranza administration.

Now "Mexican Maze" completes a trilogy. Described as "leaves from a notebook of fifteen years of peace, war, and revolution in Mexico," it packs into some 350 eloquent pages the vast material—exposition, description, anecdote, and shrewd comment—resulting from Beals's varied contacts and experiences.

The format is singularly appropriate. Printed on buff stock, suggestive of the maize husks which, as tamale coverings, cigarette "paper," and market bags, are so characteristic of indigenous Mexico, and profusely illustrated by Diego Rivera, the whole book is redolent of Mexican atmosphere.

Appropriate, too, is the literary structure—a series of vignettes. For Mexico, unlike our own country, is not homogeneous. Its villages, its people, are not stereotypes. No rule may easily be deduced from one or even several examples. Mr. Beals's technique of allowing each episode, each cliché to speak for itself, is particularly happy.

Those who know Mexico will appreciate the poetic license which occasionally invades "Mexican Maze." Thus Don José Avellaneda, revolutionary leader, in the chapter "The Unburied Patriot," is a composite of Luis N. Morones, Mexican Federation of Labor chief and Secretary of Commerce and Labor in the Calles Cabinet, and of Luis León, Secretary of Agriculture in the same cabinet, with borrowings from one or two others. Senator "Pedro Hill Ramirez," whose assassination is ordered, is none other than Senator Juan Field Jurado, whose assassination in 1924 by the group of labor bravos known as "La Palanca" (the lever) took place exactly as Beals describes it. Only he calls the "Grupo Acción," the C. R. O. M.'s inner ring which controls its destinies, the "Group Machete." Beals's account of the gangsters reporting their murder to their labor chief is authentic primary historical material despite the changed nomenclature. He was an eye-and-ear witness.

Much superb writing, of which Beals is always capable, is offset somewhat by an occasional straining for effect, some over-writing, and a few adaptations as personal experience of the adventures of others. Thus Beals's thesis that "Mexican caricature begins with the landscape" and his description of the mountains in the northern deserts as "purple and ochre pimples that have burst the cutis of the fevered sands," is certainly far-fetched. To assert further "they are caricatures of mountains . . . they are double-jointed, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, hump-back mountains . . . rarely can one be at peace with the Mexican horizon. It provokes silent, nameless mirth," is a somewhat forced striving for a "lead" to his chapter on Mexican caricaturists.

But other passages are profound. Stuart Chase's thesis in his subsequently published "Mexico" is anticipated in Beals's illuminating chapter on "Milpa Alta," a village of the Federal District, not twenty miles from the capital, of which he says:

> Here in the peace of this upland village, for one with somewhat jaded city appetites, it became quite too easy to sentimentalize, to romanticize over these Indian peasants in their stone-walled, dirt-floor dwellings, sleeping simply on woven petates. Certainly poverty exists in Milpa Alta; sanitation is left to God; and superstition rules these souls; black magic abounds, and spirits dwell in every tree. Yet whatever physical and intellectual limitations rule their existence, a quiet grace adorns these lives, never swept into the stream of what the world calls progress. . . . There is a beauty of daily existence we can never know. Life swings through its elemental cycles; the blood answers the rhythm of the days and the rhythm of the seasons. Mipla Alta stirs with the chickens; it sleeps at the fall of night. There is a true inwardness of spirit in the people; they are content with little, even in the way of food. They will spend hours making beautiful things which have scant market value. There is pride of workmanship. There is the satisfaction of working well with simple tools and materials, of creating objects which require much calm and patience. The people have fortitude. They are not weighted down by a frenzied desire to improve their standards of living. They are not envious of those endowed with this world's goods. They are not burdened with consciousness of their poverty as is the European peasant; they do not fret because they do not sit in the social sun; nature's sun is sufficient.
>
> Is this too placid an existence? Perhaps. Yet they are far happier, I am convinced, than a New York office clerk, cogged in eight hours of routine, flinging his pleasure into evenings that have no coordination with his day or his tasks. The American lives in compartments of uncorrelated action. The Mexican peasant's life is one texture. Work is pleasure; and pleasure is work. The day, for him, is woven into a unity, satisfying in its completeness.

Where has the contrast between the Mexican cultural pattern and our own been more adequately summarized?

ERNEST GRUENING

The Rise of English Labor

The Age of the Chartists, 1832-1854. By J. L. and Barbara Hammond. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

From Chartism to Laborism. By Th. Rothstein. International Publishers. $2.50.

NO period of English history is more important than the second quarter of the nineteenth century; both these books make valuable contributions to our knowledge of it. "The Age of the Chartists" is a sequel to "The Town Laborer" and "The Village Laborer"; it is not a history of the Chartist movement itself, but an analysis of the grievances which caused it—the ugliness and unhealthiness of the rapidly growing towns, the gulf between the rich and the poor, the lack of any facility for popular education or recreation. This book does not break such fresh ground as its predecessors, but it shows the same careful research and the same charm of style; to any person studying the origins of modern England it should be indispensable. "From Chartism to Laborism" is a history of class consciousness among the English proletariat

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from the first reform bill to the world war; the author is an orthodox Marxian and now lives in Russia; he knows England intimately and, in spite of his intolerant denunciations of the Labor Party and everybody associated with it, his book is a serious study of neglected aspects of English history. It is particularly valuable in showing how all the characteristic doctrines of Marxism were anticipated by some of the Chartist leaders.

The miseries of the industrial revolution might have been prevented if it had not been associated with a new religious creed and a new philosophy. English religion at that time was dominated by evangelicalism, which frowned on pleasure of every kind and prohibited any kind of recreation on the Sabbath—the only day on which workmen were free; forbidden the use of playgrounds, libraries, theaters, and public gardens, the working class were driven into gin palaces and public houses out of sheer ennui. The new philosophy was the individualism of Jeremy Bentham; the state must do nothing for the individual except allow him to rise by the exercise of his own talents. And such individuals as did rise gave nothing to their less fortunate neighbors; Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, in a most suggestive comparison, show how poverty was tolerable in the ancient world because the rich used their wealth for the adornment and recreation of the community; temples, gardens, festivals, and theatrical shows, provided by private wealth, could be enjoyed by rich and poor alike. But Victorian England, dominated by a philosophy of competition, had lost all sense of community; nothing must be done for the poor lest they relax their efforts to become rich; to prohibit slums, and reserve open spaces in cities would interfere with the iron laws of economics. The need for state regulation to prohibit the worst evils of industrialism was realized soon enough; and the factory acts, followed by three decades of enormous prosperity, postponed organized action by the working class until the twentieth century. But meanwhile the towns had been built in all their chaotic ugliness, and the harm thereby done to England may well prove irreparable.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

The Spirit of Jane Addams

The Second Twenty Years at Hull-House. By Jane Addams. The Macmillan Company. $4.

IN two generous volumes of which the second appears after an interval of years, Jane Addams has published the distilled wisdom of seventy active years, unselfishly lived and interpreted with the illumination of incomparably varied experience. To learn from life day by day; to help from the point at which opportunity for help at a given moment was greatest; to enlist the active effort of minds open to the appeal for social change, this has been the unflagging effort of Jane Addams and of Hull-House, only vaguely intimated by the subtitle of the current volume: "With a Record of a Growing World Consciousness."

This book will serve many important purposes. It presents convincingly our country's need of a renewed and strengthened settlement movement, as a perennial protest against such savage cruelties as Secretary Doak and the Administration are practicing, in their ruthless enforcement of deportation of old, sick, poor, and friendless people of many nations. This volume interprets, also, not for this moment only, but for future students of our history since 1890, distressing aspects of our national and international economic life illustrated by the experience of the ever shifting neighbors of Hull-House. And it comments upon them with a rare tolerance and calmness.

In this book the late Thompson administration lives and moves again. Life-size and active, as Jane Addams has seen them in the years since 1909, are innocent bystanders, victims of gangsters and corrupt courts, and visible offenders of all varieties in and out of court, her neighbors whose human claims upon her she recognizes whatever their offences or their troubles may be. And finally there are those others, always so largely unidentified by the reading public, who permanently direct the far reaching activities of American business, influencing vitally both the recognized and the under world. For a reviewer who is, like the present writer, a Quaker and a Socialist, some most significant passages are grouped under Education by the Current Event. Here Miss Addams deals with "the associative business control which has been worked out in the United States." Referring to the era of the first Labor Government in England she says:

> So nearly as I was able to formulate it from the Chicago situation, the United States was making an experiment of its own largely unconsciously, and to a great extent through the empirical education of its businessmen. It is still trying to develop on the existing political and economic situation in general, an industrial system which will produce through scientific discovery and skilful organization, a maximum of general welfare in which the workers share. . . .
>
> This development of a system resting on individualism, competition and private profits, has its weaknesses and ugly sides visible even to those who accept it in principle, but it appears likely to be the substance of the next chapter in our economic history.

Such a movement, undoubtedly, exists and is growing. Compared, however, with the chronic horrors of the Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia coal mines under cut-throat competition, and contrasted with the stupendous spread of control of great merged power interests, with their cynical propaganda through education, journalism, and the churches, the hoped for "associative business control" as seen today seems in extent and influence almost puny.

Because Miss Addams has seen close at hand through forty years, the seamiest side of the life lived by the wage earners before and throughout the present century, she, more than any other American writer, speaks with intimate knowledge of the evils of our chameleon-like industry. The tolerance that infuses this chapter, and the same long view which she applies to crime, command, therefore, the utmost respect, though not always, under the industrial conditions of today, full assent.

At the very beginning, in 1890, in a time of unparalleled civic repression, in Chicago, when Hull-House first offered its gymnasium as a center for "free discussion of current events" (a phrase not then universally familiar), Miss Addams said "It is my hope that this may always be a place of hospitality for people and for ideas." This hope has been lavishly fulfilled. Babies in their day nursery, and white-haired, aged men, were alike among the occupants of Hull-House when the writer of these lines first saw it, at New Year's, 1892; and a dozen subjects were being discussed there that were elsewhere taboo.

It is impossible to summarize even the high points of this social contribution to American literature. It is at once charming biography and lucid interpretation of a profound religious philosophy, a living picture of an era in which the whole world has undergone transformation. As a young child Jane Addams saw with astonishment her father's grief over the death of Mazzini, a man whom he had never seen, who lived thousands of miles away, who spoke and wrote in a language different from her own. Even earlier she had known of her father's close friendship with Abraham Lincoln. The child's impressions of national and international friendships were thus among her earliest ones, and throughout her long life at Hull-House these friendships became more and more absorbing. It some-

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times seemed as if the whole world came, soon or late, to her door. And her journeys to the Orient, to China, Japan, India, and Russia in middle and later life, strengthened and deepened her awareness that the whole world was consciously becoming one, and must modify its thought and action accordingly.

When Hull-House was founded, in 1889, the term "social work" had no defined significance. What has since become the National Conference of Social Work was then the National Conference of Charities and Correction. The development of social work in this country and elsewhere has roughly synchronized with the development of the settlement movement. In 1896, at the close of the National Conference of Charities held in Michigan, Jeffrey Brackett and John M. Glenn, having represented at the conference Boston and New York respectively, paused at Hull-House on their homeward way as observers and friendly critics of the new extension of activity which had boldly called itself from the start a "social settlement." Now social work is rapidly becoming an established profession, an integral part of several leading universities. Charity, on the other hand, slowly and surely dwindles, and confronts a future of absorption into other activities under other names, as poverty is slowly and gradually diminished, and the concepts of community activity and social work replace the concept of charity.

Reading hundreds of pages of beautiful English, pungent, arresting, never dull, is one of the rare pleasures of a lifetime. More even than the "Spirit of Youth and the City Streets" is this latest volume characterized by the distinction which is Miss Addams's very own.

FLORENCE KELLEY

Books in Brief

Why Birds Sing. By Jacques Delamain. Translated by Ruth and Anna Sarason. Coward-McCann. $2.

Spontaneous singing, in the opinion of this French naturalist, is the outcome of a sensation of well-being, whether the song is uttered by bird or man. "Musical art," he says, "is born of the satisfaction which a being experiences in expressing his life by a sound." The singing bird is an artist because he is able to select his best notes, arrange them in phrase and rhythm, and "make a song gush out from a cry." Avian activities other than musical are discussed with sympathy and charm in this gracefully written book, which has been crowned by the French Academy and published with a foreword by Jerome and Jean Tharaud. The author, who is fifty-seven, has observed bird ways for a quarter of a century. From his field notes he has composed these essays which are more akin to prose poems than to a scientific monograph.

Most Women. . . . By Alec Waugh. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

The title, one assumes, comes from Pope—"Most women have no characters at all"—and would seem to cast an unwarranted aspersion on the heroines of the love stories which Mr. Waugh has scattered so generously through his travel diary. Indeed, he makes some charming sketches of black and brown and white ones as he encounters them, or pretends to encounter them, on his trips which take him from the West to the East Indies, to Siam, from there to San Francisco, and thence across the United States to New York. His sentimental journeys make pleasant reading with their mild reflections, graceful descriptions, and illustrative stories. The chapters on America, a land which on the whole Mr. Waugh seems to admire, contain some penetrating commentary. Perhaps those on Siam and the one on New York are the best, the former

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for the dramatic tales included, and the latter because it presents some excellent and provocative observations and comparisons.

Notes of a Vagabond. By Waldemar Bonsels. Translated by J. B. Mussey. Albert and Charles Boni. $3.

Here the author of "The Adventures of Maya the Bee" appears in the guise of a mildly Nietzschean youth wandering in poverty with spiritual pride and intellectual honesty as his most prized possessions. To what extent the book is autobiographical only Herr Bonsels can say. The average reader will be inclined to regard the seven episodes as vaguely defined short stories, composed in lyrical prose, tinged with macabre beauty, and heavily laden with philosophizing conversations. One of the aphorisms sums up the general tone of scepticism: "Truth is rather that which impels you to ask than anything you will ever have for an answer." Mr. Mussey's translation is sensitive and subtle.

Opus 7. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. The Viking Press. $2.

Miss Warner's contribution to the writing of narrative verse is a facile use of the couplet and a whimsical and ironic attitude toward life, and she tells, therefore, only the most unromantic of tales—a tale which has, nevertheless, its significance and its bravery. Her heroine is no beautiful maiden or daring pioneer, but a frowsy old woman who has somehow to live and who wishes never to be without her strong drink. Her solution of her problem of poverty and loneliness is convincing, and serves as a satirical comment on much of life. Miss Warner's shorter narratives in ballad form had this same quality, and were better. She does not quite escape dulness in this longer form, and there are echoes of Masefield now and then in her use of contrast.

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Films

"Street Scene"

IT is something to be grateful for when a Hollywood picture does more than pay lip service to artistic integrity. "Street Scene" in its film version (Rivoli) can scarcely be classed among masterpieces of the screen, but it is a good picture showing a conscientious effort to do justice to its theme, and succeeding to a fair degree in conveying the authentic feel and color of life.

In the circumstances the chief honors of the occasion go to Mr. Elmer Rice, both for his absorbing study of this little beehive of New York humanity and for the effective manner in which he condensed his play into a film scenario. That some quality of the original was lost in the process of translation to a new medium was hardly his fault. The isolation of characters within the circumscribed limits of a self-contained world and the consequent loss of warmth in their impact on the mind of the spectator are the inevitable results of the cinematic technique as understood and practiced in Hollywood. On the other hand, the lack of sustained unity of atmosphere and the deliberate stressing of character traits and individual episodes must be charged largely to Mr. King Vidor's direction.

On the whole, it must be admitted, Mr. Vidor has treated his material with commendable reserve and quite adequate regard for the realities of life. His few concessions to the Hollywood convention, as exemplified in his casting of Miss Estelle Taylor, a strikingly handsome woman, though a not too expert actress, in the part of the rather humble wife of a stage electrician, are not obtrusive enough to affect the generally sober tone of the picture. Moreover, his handling of successive scenes has a flow and a swiftness of movement that are wholly admirable. All this, however, does not quite suffice to give the film that essential coherence and atmospheric unity which are the very substance of Mr. Rice's story. Admittedly, the problem was not an easy one to solve. Constant change of setting is traditionally regarded as the most effective way of keeping a screen narrative continuously on the move, and here, in "Street Scene," it has been willed by the author that all action should be confined to a single spot, the front of a house with its adjoining sidewalk. Nor is this choice of the setting a mere stage device which can be ignored in the screen treatment. It happens to contain, as nothing else could, the knot of human relationships upon which we are invited by the author to fix our gaze. To extend the action to other settings would be to destroy the main idea of the play. It is to the credit of Mr. Vidor that he has refrained from any such pseudo-cinematic adventure, and stuck resolutely to his exterior set. But he has failed to appreciate the dramatic significance of this house front and its symbolic focal point, the stoop. His photographic approach lacks the imaginative quality that would endow the house with a visual reality of its own, while his underscoring of individual characters detached from their background, and his insufficiently contrasted treatment of single episodes, reduce the dramatic pattern of the play to a brightly colored mosaic of a not particularly clear design.

No demand for originality of cinematic conception is so far implied in this criticism. Mr. Vidor can be original when he chooses to be. But it is a great pity that he did not show more daring in tackling the fundamental problem of every talking picture, the link with the audience, the cinematic proscenium. To do this, however, mere originality is not enough. It needs a revolution in cinematic outlook.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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How They Shoot Up a Congress

By A. HARRIS

Mexico City, August 29

BEFORE the reporter leaned over to talk into the telephone transmitter he thrust his straw hat upward and back from his forehead, to prevent its wide brim from striking against the instrument. The telephone was in a lobby opening from the Chamber of Deputies. It was nearing the close of the session. Some of the Deputies already were leaving. Bang!—like the explosion of a giant firecracker. In an instant the tonal integrity of the single shot was obliterated and merged in a volume of blasting roars that seemed unending to the reporter. They reverberated deafeningly through the high-vaulted Chamber and the connecting lobbies and committee rooms. Something snatched the reporter's hat from his head. Bitter and smarting plaster dust spurted from the wall six inches above his nose and puffed into his mouth and eyes. He found himself on the floor. He remained there. It seemed prudent. The roars ceased. Shouts. Squeals. Slap of running feet and clatter of overturning chairs. A portly Deputy, as completely prostrate as his generous belly would allow, was scrabbling with hands and feet upon the smooth tiled floor of the lobby, like a beetle upon a china platter. The reporter turtled his head, without unduly elevating it above the tiles, around the base of the telephone desk. The first thing he noticed was the dial of a clock. It marked 7.10. He recalled that he had glanced at the clock before he called his telephone number. Then it was barely 7.09. What had happened in the intervening sixty seconds?

The reporter took stock of the situation. First, he picked up his hat. A bullet had furrowed the forward edge of the crown and smashed through the front brim. The lead had caught the hat as it was tilted at an upward angle over the reporter's forehead. He advanced into the Chamber. Swirls of gunpowder were languidly drifting low over the desks. One Deputy was sprawled slantwise between his desk and a chair. Dead. Six bullets had torn through his body. A new felt hat which he had been about to don to walk out into the pleasant sunshine of the late afternoon obtruded its incongruous freshness and suggestions of the commonplaces of life from the shiny mahogany desk top. His cigarette still smoked at the desk's edge. Another Deputy lay near, moaning and writhing. A third sat on the floor, staring at the dead man and holding a shattered, ruddy hand against his green waistcoat. Big automatic revolvers were scattered on the carpet. Palm-wide white blotches upon the gilded ornamentations of the Chamber marked where wild missiles had struck. Some of the flying lead had embedded itself in the wall behind the Speaker's desk, where stands a roll of Mexico's eminent men. Several bullets had scarred the golden letters forming the names of Madero, Carranza and Obregon, Presidents who perished by assassination.

This was the first time the reporter had been on hand when the Chamber of Deputies was shot up. He had heard of its being done before, but he had never been on the scene. Even now he really had little first-hand material with which to work. His hat had been twitched off by a bullet. He had heard a lot of noise. He had cringed to the innermost recesses of his being with fright. That was all. Then he decided to take his story from original, native, eye-witness sources. He chose the account of the affray which seemed to him the best. It was written by the legislative reporter of one of the morning newspapers, *El Universal,* who was in the Chamber and saw what happened.

By way of prelude, it should be understood that the shooting in the Chamber on Tuesday afternoon was a by-product of a political row in the state of Jalisco, two hundred miles away. The state Governor, De la Mora, who is a close friend of President Ortiz Rubio, is recalcitrant to the rule of the National Revolutionist Party, which is bossing the politics of the nation and of the administration, including the Congress. The bosses are trying to unseat him. Charges and demands for his removal have been filed with the Congress. The De la Mora case was being debated on Tuesday in the Chamber. The galleries and the lobbies were packed with a claque, which hissed and booed every mention of De la Mora's name. From here on the narrative is that of *El Universal's* reporter:

> Then Deputy Chavez demanded the support of the Chamber for a majority of the Jalisco delegation in its opposition to Governor De la Mora, and asked that a committee be appointed to investigate the charges and take action before the Permanent Committee of the Congress. When he left the tribune the disorder in the Chamber was enormous. There were cries, applause and demonstrations of all kinds. The Speaker rang his bell for order, and declared the session adjourned.
>
> While the Deputies were leaving, Deputy Alba shouted a demand that he be allowed to speak. The Speaker had left the platform and was descending one of the side stairways to the floor. Then Alba demanded that the press note his protest against being denied the right to speak in defence of De la Mora, after other Deputies had attacked him.
>
> He was joined in this protest by Deputy Ruiz, who approached the press seats, stating that the Deputies from Jalisco protested at the attitude of the Speaker, which left De la Mora without defense. The Speaker also appealed to the press, saying that the defenders of De la Mora were trying to make trouble, and that in adjourning the session he had proceeded in accordance with the rules.
>
> Deputy Ruiz proceeded to the passageway between the desks, to the right of the Chamber, leading to the telephones. From here he shouted in a voice that rose above the cries from the galleries. "This is a cowardly act on the part of the national representatives!" To which a stentorian voice from the galleries responded: "It is not cowardly!"
>
> Then came the first shot. Deputy Ruiz made a motion toward his revolver but Deputy Alba prevented him from drawing it. A terrible fusillade followed from all parts of the Chamber. Inside of a moment a hundred shots were fired. It was exactly ten minutes after seven.
>
> The uproar and confusion were absolute. Some of the

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Deputies ran at full speed toward the doors. Others remained rooted to their seats by surprise. Others hid under the desks. The tragic flashes of the revolvers continued to be noticed, but it was not possible to tell who was shooting. Many hands held smoking weapons, but the period of stupefaction had passed and everyone sought to escape from the danger zone. They ran to the cloak-room. They gained the main entrance.

Then we saw, partly upheld by two of the representatives of the popular will, Deputy Allende being taken from the Chamber. He was senseless and evidently in a grave state. He could not walk and his legs were dragging. A large bloodstain, which constantly grew, could be seen on his back. Deputy Alba also had a bullet wound in his hand.

Only a few of the Deputies remained in the Chamber, six or eight at most. The representatives of the press went toward the reception room, for it seemed strange to us that after the firing of so many shots only two persons should be wounded. Then we saw lying on the floor the body of Deputy Ruiz. It was leaning, half-seated, against one of the desks, with the left arm extended and the right resting over the legs. Various Deputies approached, together with the chief clerk of the Chamber. He was still gasping, although weakly. "Go for a doctor, for someone to aid him!" But no one did. The moments passed. The wounded man bled horribly, and when in a short time someone held a mirror to his half-opened mouth no breath clouded it. He was dead, and it was useless to try to help him. But the Red Cross was telephoned. Soon an ambulance came, with Dr. Francisco Aranda. He declared there was nothing he could do: Deputy Ruiz was dead.

There is little hope that Deputy Allende will recover. Deputy Arandilla's hat, which lay on his desk, was perforated with three bullets. The police could not find Deputy Ruiz's revolver.

As an offset to the facts that the galleries were overflowing with De la Mora's opponents and that his spokesman, Deputy Ruiz, singularly enough stopped six bullets and was the only person killed outright, we have this ingenuous official version of the tragedy issued by the Speaker of the Chamber:

> It was known yesterday morning that Deputies Ruiz, Alba, De la Mora (the Governor's brother) and Fuentes —the former three from Jalisco and the latter from Oaxaca—would bring to the Chamber this afternoon an armed mob, with the intention of causing a disturbance in favor of the Governor of Jalisco.
>
> The session opened without incident, but when Deputy Chavez began to speak against the said Governor of Jalisco, there was noted immediately a movement of aggressive preparation, not only among the Deputies mentioned, who occupied seats other than those in which they usually sat, and which seemed strategically fitted for the end they had in mind but also among a number of strangers who posted themselves in the doorways. Inasmuch as these persons, as well as the Deputies named, began to create a disturbance by uttering insulting cries, the session was adjourned strictly in accordance with the rules of the Chamber. Deputy Ruiz, with visible nervousness and urged on by his colleagues, Deputies Alba and Fuentes, continued to launch insults to the Chamber and drew his revolver and discharged it at Deputy Torres. At the same time the men at the doors began to fire, with the sad result of leaving Deputy Ruiz dead and gravely wounding Deputy Allende. Deputy Fuentes escaped in time.

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